



# messing about in **BOATS**

**Special Features This Issue**  
"Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival"  
"Pokey Kokey" - "Greek Island Boat Building"

Volume 22 - Number 19

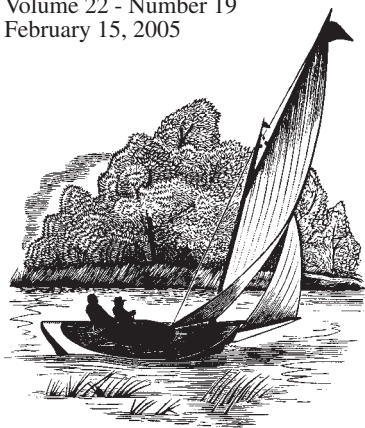
February 15, 2005



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## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



My recent coverage of what is going on in the world of megayachts drew some comments from several readers chiding me for devoting precious pages to such a topic. I am not surprised to receive such responses when I choose to devote some space to an aspect of messing about in boats that is not our very own. I am not distressed when some readers write that they did not enjoy this or that article, they are welcome to their opinions, but I don't heed those who phrase their complaint in the form of a thinly veiled order for me to straighten out and float right.

One reader's response did surprise me, however, expressing concern that I had succumbed to the allure of megayachts. This distress will, unhappily, be reinforced when he sees a following issue with yet more comments on the topic, and we're still not yet done for Phil Bolger has weighed in with his perspective on these costly monuments to egos. You'll get to read that in the next issue, March 1.

Well, because I find the topic of some interest, more for its cultural aspects than for its boaty stuff, does not mean I am succumbing to the allure of megayachts. I see them as the ultimate manifestation of the trend into technology that reaches even down to our modest level of messing about in boats, as some amongst us add things like GPS, depth sounders, VHF radios and/or cell phones, etc. to our basic boating equities, not to mention (gasp) outboard auxiliaries on otherwise traditional small craft. The trend peaks at whatever level of affluence anyone so afflicted happens to have. Our carefully calculated investments of just hundreds (or maybe thousands) of dollars in technological "improvements" for our boats is just walking around money for those living in the megayacht world.

It did occur to me that this particular expression of concern might have had roots in what happened to the long gone and sorely missed *Small Boat Journal*. It's the publication that launched me on my 22-year (to date) cruise with *Messing About in Boats*, for it really fired up my enthusiasm for all sorts of small affordable boats just when I was feeling like I might want to try them out. Editor Dave Getchell was a master of the genre with

long years at *National Fisherman*, and in due course I connected up with Dave and he published a number of my articles.

Then the owners lowered the boom as the magazine had lost several hundred thousand dollars over its first half dozen years. It had been unable to attract major advertising support as its readership was not perceived by the big marine supply and boat manufacturers as being spenders for what they had to offer. It was to be killed, but Dave and his like-minded publisher, Dave Jackson, found a buyer, the owner/publisher of several major antique car magazines who was also a small boat nut.

The content, while still focussed on smaller boats, no longer had space for what I wanted to write about, so in due course I launched *Messing About in Boats*. After ten years of money-losing operation the new owner of *SBJ* threw in the towel and sold it to a buyer who refocused it into the metalflake bass boat, cigarette boat, and tuna tower boating waters where there was advertising money to be made. Many of us were aghast at the unannounced change in format. And Phil Bolger was cut loose from his monthly "cartoon" design feature they had published for years also. So he joined us.

Perhaps my concerned reader was aghast to find the megayachts on our pages, thinking I was headed down *SBJ*'s course, but this passing look at megayachts does not represent a sea change coming in what we publish. Unlike *SBJ*, which was big enough to be costly, with paid staff not only turning out the magazine but also doing expensive and time consuming boat and gear tests and lots of travelling around, but too small to be profitable, *Messing About in Boats* is not big enough to be costly, while still being too small to be profitable.

I continue publication only because I wish to do so and can afford lack of profitability because of our modest life style. If and when things like the megayachts turn up on our pages they do not represent an attempt on my part to please some potential future advertiser (can you see *Mirabella* for sale in our classifieds!) but rather just my interest in what is going on in the recreational boating world.

## On the Cover...

A youthful Phil Bolger ca 1949 enjoying a summer of deep draft sailing in an Alden Triangle sloop. Phil tells you all about his pre-shallow draft experiences in this 1920s vintage racing sloop in this issue.

Roll on, roll on... Well, winter made a preemptive strike in mid-November. Six inches of heavy, wet snow fell on the North Shore and more was dumped in the mountains. It hadn't even gotten to Thanksgiving and we had to cope with the cold white stuff along with the Christmas displays side by side with leftover Halloween decorations. The temperatures came back into the mid-50's after the snow arrived so it mostly melted away, a bit more poor man's manure than I'd hoped for a few weeks earlier. Any lingering robins were given the bum's rush after they woke up to Birdseye worms for breakfast. The seals hadn't shown up yet, perhaps they, too, got the word that this winter is gonna be a hum dinger and kept on swimming south without a stop here.

The Capt. and I, along with the ship's dog, took advantage of the after-storm mild weather and walked over to neighboring "Little Neck Estates." As we came down our hill to the level of Pavilion Beach, the booming of the surf was particularly loud. High tide just past 1:30 was at 10.27', a whole foot and an eighth higher than at the new moon tide five days earlier. The cycle was odd, as three days earlier the tide was at 10.66' and had dropped since then. Offshore, out in front of Cranes Beach, the rollers were HUGE, easily 7' in height. The local buoys are 4'-5' above the surface and these monsters were towering above them.

There was new erosion at Steep Hill Beach, the margins of the dunes were chased back in precipitous 90° cuts where earlier in the season they were shallower slopes. With the tide's retreat I could see the combers marching into our protected sound, scouring the far side of Sandy Point Reservation's beaches that reach out over half a mile into Ipswich Bay proper. The water was churning into Plum Island Sound and tripping up on the past winter's deposited sand banks, raising a roil of white water in long skeins of air and salt. This scouring action will readjust the design of what lies below. We may need the Army Corps in here to dredge the channels next spring if any boats larger than *Marshmelon* want to travel outside.

The word inexorable comes to mind as I sat at my Window on the Water and wrote this account. Some unknown system far offshore was pushing the water through the greater Bigelow Bight, the pressure of this massive body of liquid becomes a machine that sweeps all resistance before it, the fluidity of the outside water invading the shore side finds no barrier it cannot surmount or overwhelm. Sand bars become mere nuisances, fishing fleets get a rough and turbu-



## Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

### Roll On, Roll On...

lent ride on the back of this giant force. Headlands that have stood against the grinding of time and waves sigh as they give up another inch of ground. Where there is a shaley cobbled beach, the clatter and clack of rolling stones being ground into soft lawn ornaments, polished up for an adventurous child's discovery the next sunny day, produces a timpani that is counterpoint to the souging of the sand filled retreating wave.

This fall we witnessed waves born along the Ivory Coast of Africa march steadfastly across thousands of miles to bring devastation to the eastern Caribbean and Florida's Gold Coast. It shouldn't seem so impressive to look out and see the local action become super-sized, it's what oceans DO. Every time we have a few more BIG rollers offshore I am yet again amazed and awed by their power to shape our coastlines.

As the sun fell below the hill behind us, the tops of the combers were chased with golden highlights. Plum Island was bathed in the afterglow of a retiring sun. Time seemed to catch its breath and hesitate before moving into dusk. The smooth burnished surface outside of the currents erupted into a hammered pattern as low sunlight bounced off the upwelling micro fractal motions caused by lean fingers reaching toward the shore from the outer surf.

Soon the evening dark would steal all evidence of the disturbance, save for the boom and swish of the waves breaking on the

beach. Were it a bit warmer I'd have kept the windows wide open to be lulled to sleep by the surging surf. I say 'lulled' as I am most soothed to hear Nature in her glory and at the height of her energy. The gentle swish and rustle of a summer's breeze or tide gently lapping on the shore is just below subconscious recognition for me. Let it get to a Force 24 gale or a pounding surf, the storm surge beating on the far shore of Plum Island, booming like tribal drums... then I'm relaxed and lulled into a repose ready to fall asleep.

Despite my love of a bit of wind and a stiff set of breakers onshore, this day's waves out beyond the sand bars were a bit of an attention getter. What's lurking off the Maritimes waiting to swoop down on New England, dumping MORE snow and cold on us? As the waves roll on, what's bringing up the rear? Winter had arrived!

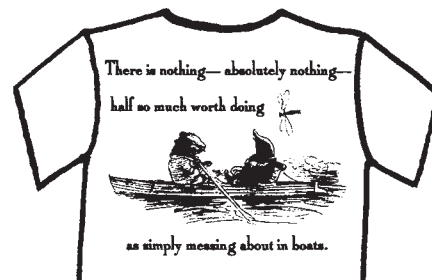


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## Adventures & Experiences..

### New Year's Day on the Connecticut River

George Spragg and I hopped into the Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club's 1-2-3 boat and set off rowing in the conventional way to follow the rest of the club boats on the annual New Year's Day row. First thing we did was to run up on top of the ice collected near the ramp. It didn't occur to us that we might need to look back at what was ahead of us. We straightened out and got out across the river without taking home any more ice or the bridge abutments that were out there in our way.

We got to the other side wondering where everyone was going and proceeded to follow toward Pilgrim's Landing in Old Lyme. Wonders never cease as we successfully negotiated some more ice, crashing some more and hanging up here and there. We now wondered why we had not brought our EZ Rowers along to drop into the 1-2-3. If even one of us had done this we could have had a much more delightful time and we would have felt as if we had gone somewhere. How can anyone row successfully facing backwards through chunks and rafts of ice?

Gail Ferris, Branford, CT

### The Time Has Come

The time has finally come. I have decided that my Sunfish sailing days are over. It is also the end of our time at Lake Forest Resort. It was a great venue to indulge in messing about in boats.

In earlier years we enjoyed the camping and boating experiences at a campground on Long Lake at Naples, Maine. During that time I built a Snipe (in Beverly, Massachusetts) and happily sailed it until some of my peers acquired Chrysler Mutineers. My competitive nature took over and I obtained one. We had some great fun doing some relatively informal racing.

One of our group had an accessory that none of us had on our Mutineers, a tube mounted next to the center board trunk leading forward to the bow to allow a spinnaker to be raised single handedly. Now and then our friend would state over a campfire on Friday night that he was going to blow us all out of the water and leave us far back Saturday because he was going to rig his spinnaker set-up. I recall most of the time, when on the downwind leg and he elected to raise it, that shortly it would be dragging in the water and the rest of us would go sailing by.

Getting back to sailing my Sunfish and my reason for selling it. I have now reached age 83. I have maintained for some years that if I capsize the boat and am unable to right it, climb aboard, and continue sailing, it would be time to sell the boat. Actually, what has happened is that I have not capsized for at least three or four years and so I have not been tested. I finally decided that I was not going to wait for that to happen.

The last thing I want to do is fail my self-imposed test and have to be towed in. I have bragged about the fact that I have never

had to paddle or be towed in, mostly because I have been careful to come in while the wind is dying down. As I tell newcomers to the sport, when the breezes die down in the late afternoon, stay upwind. If there is just a whisper of wind you might miss the happy hour, but in time you will probably get back. Knowing when not to go out is a factor, also, of course.

Back to the sale of my boat. I had to do some work on my dagger board to fix some damage I had done in earlier years, probably short cutting points of land where rocks lurked. At any rate, the new owner capsized the Sunfish when he and friends were caught in a squall. When they righted the boat the dagger board broke where it extends from the bottom. He got towed in, it could have been me! I agreed to build a new one for him if he bought the materials. The new board now sits in my den waiting for spring.

I have been assured that if I get to visit Lake Forest Resort in Wakefield, New Hampshire, next summer that I will be welcome to borrow the Sunfish. I am looking forward to taking advantage of this offer. Perhaps my sailing days are not completely over.

Dick Berg, Rochester, NH

## Information of Interest...

### About That (Back) Cover Boat

The boat which appeared in the photo of my mother, her sister, and an aunt rowing on Lake Minnetonka in 1912 on the back cover of the February 1 issue and on the Comments page of the January 15 issue, appears to be identical to one currently in the Urban Boatbuilders, Inc. shop here in St. Paul, Minnesota, being restored by apprentices and volunteers under the leadership of Phil Winger. The floor boards and rib pattern and the metal seat brackets seem to be identical, but the donor of UBI's boat told us that it was built about 1950 by a boatworks on White Bear Lake. They must have made many of them over the years as I used one that was the same, or very similar, in the late 1940s. It was provided by the Minneapolis Park Board for sailboat owners at Lake Nokomis (yes, Mississippi Bob's canoeing lake) for tending their buoy moored boats.

When the restoration is complete, the UBI boat will be offered for sale. Anyone interested can contact them at 1460-1/2 University Ave., St. Paul, MN 55104, (651) 644-9225, www.urbanboatbuilder.

James Broten, St. Paul, MN

### The Sailor's Word Book

In his review of *The Private Revolution of Geoffrey Frost* in the November 15 issue, Paul McDade complains about not being able to find meanings of certain words in his dictionary. He might find this book, *The Sailor's Word Book*, of some help. It is a classic, first published in 1867 and now reprinted in 2004. It is a nicely done Smyth-sewn hardcover finished in linen with gold foil stamping, 6"x9", 752 pages, and sells for \$22.95 from

### Newick's Nautical Designs Busy

Pat and I sold our Maine house last July, stored some things, and donated two or three tons of my nautical records to the Mariners Museum in Newport News, Virginia. We bought a 19' motor home and have put 10,000 miles on it visiting family and looking over La Cruz de Huanacaxtle, a town on the mountainous central west coast of Mexico which had interested us as a (working) retirement home with wonderful winters. But tourism was big business too near there which made real estate bargains rare. So we have left that perfect winter climate and returned to Sebastopol, California, 60 miles north of San Francisco, still much milder than Maine. We will seek a small house to rent in this area ten miles from the coast, surrounded by redwoods and vineyards. It has the additional advantage that our daughter and most of our grandchildren live there.

All of this would not have been possible without Scott Lambert, Newick Nautical Design's new associate, who has been looking after business from Kennebunk, Maine. His abilities have been much appreciated on a new 48' power cat design, stock design improvements, and more effective marketing. Several new projects are in the early discussion stages, plus continuing work on steering and rig details for a 57' cruising proa which the builders intend to start next summer when they finish their major restoration of *Cheers*. Also on the agenda is completion of a lug rigged trimaran design for short handed long distance cruising and final (?) tuning of the 16' trimaran REV prototype. Finding the right person to produce her and one to continue the Tremolino business may cap an interesting 2005.

Dick Newick, Sebastopol, CA

### Cover Photo

The cover on the December 15 issue has a nice lapstrake lug rigged sailboat which I think is a Dover Sprit Boat. Lines of the hull, along with a photo, are on page 106 of *Inshore Craft, Traditional Working Vessels of the British Isles*, Dr. Basil Greenhill and Julian Manning editors.

Jim Moore, CA

### Gasping for Air

Any reader who may be thinking of enclosing his or her outboard motor in a well should be aware of the problem I encountered with this arrangement. My 9.9hp Honda has an exhaust relief port located just under the power head from which the engine exhausts at idling speed. At faster speeds it exhausts underwater through the lower unit.

On my boat's maiden voyage I sadly discovered that the outboard ingested exhaust fumes from the exhaust relief port and quickly died from lack of oxygen. This wouldn't have happened if it had been operating in the open air, but due to appearance and noise abatement considerations I preferred to keep it enclosed.

WoodenBoat #161 offered a solution to this problem which consisted of a flexible

duct attached to this small exhaust port to vent the exhaust fumes outboard. This worked fine for a while. Eventually the outboard began running poorly and would often die while idling. Investigation disclosed that the spark plugs had become fouled with soot. Several months of boating pleasure were spoiled (along with several sets of spark plugs) before I discovered that the exhaust duct had partially filled with water. The duct had a sag in it, as shown in a diagram in the *WoodenBoat* article, and the sag allowed enough water to accumulate in the duct to severely restrict the exhaust flow at idling speed. Removing the sag fixed the problem. I don't know if the water came from a following wave or from the engine as part of the combustion process.

Due to the popularity of enclosing 4-stroke outboards in small boats I suspect other boaters will encounter the same problem I had. I hope this letter prevents others from experiencing my frustration and expense.

Bryan Shrader, Port Townsend, WA

## History & Preservation...

### The Gundalow Company

2004 was a tremendously successful year for the Gundalow Company. Between May and November the gundalow traveled along the rivers of the Piscataqua region making 15 port visits, including seven places where no gundalow had been in 100 years! More than 2,000 students from New Hampshire and Maine participated in our onboard programs, twice as many as the previous year. Thirty-four volunteers contributed over 1,025 hours!

This winter we will offer new outreach programs in classrooms as well as implementing a long term maintenance plan to preserve the structural integrity of the gundalow. Next spring we will provide programs for school groups on the gundalow in collaboration with the Old York Historical Society, Old Berwick Historical Society, Historic New England, and Strawberry Banke.

After visiting York and South Berwick, the gundalow will travel to Prescott Park, Kittery, Sagamore Creek, the New Hampshire State Pier, Little Harbor, Newington, Durham, Dover, 10, Exeter, Newmarket, and we will return to the Sandy Point Discovery Center for six weeks of onboard school programs. At each location the gundalow visits, we are collaborating with other organizations to provide a wide range of educational programs that focus on the Piscataqua region's maritime history and contemporary water quality issues.

The Gundalow Company, P.O. Box 425, Portsmouth, NH 03802, (603) 433-9505, [www.gundalow.org](http://www.gundalow.org), [info@gunda-low.org](mailto:info@gunda-low.org)

### Tenby Lifeboat Crew, 1908

Here is a rare photograph of two crew members of an early 19th century Tenby Lifeboat sporting their cork and canvas life jackets. For over 150 years there has been a volunteer lifeboat crew on station 24 hours a day in Tenby, Pembrokeshire, Wales. The first lifeboat was paid for by the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Benevolent Society in 1852. The boat, a 28'x7', ten-oared,

self-righting vessel was built at a cost of 25 pounds sterling. In 1854 the Society donated its nine lifeboats to the Royal National Lifeboat Institution (RNLI). Today, the RNLI volunteer crews, funded entirely by public donations, provide a 24-hour service around the coast of the U.K. and the Republic of Ireland. Visit the Tenby Lifeboat website at [tenbyrnli.co.uk](http://tenbyrnli.co.uk) and RNLI at [rnli.org.uk](http://rnli.org.uk)

NORS Graphica Maritime Series, P.O. Box 143, Woolwich, ME 04579



## Opinions...

### President of Everything

I hereby nominate Robb White for election to the office of President of Everything. If all the world's leaders had their coolant overflow tubes aimed at their bare feet, perhaps things would be just a little bit nicer. Wishfully,

Steve Turi, Hasbrouck Heights, NJ

### Totally Out of Line

The article about *Mirabella* and the megayachts seemed totally out of line with what you're been doing admirably well for the past 22 years. It was more about messing about in money than messing about in boats. Keep up the otherwise good work and I'm looking forward to another 22 years.

Tom Mulligan, Strafford, NH

### Relates Strongly

I can relate strongly to your remarks in your "Commentary" in the January 1 issue concerning the compensations we must make as we get on in years. As one looking towards my 78th this year, I agree with most of your comments except the one about no longer going boating alone. I feel that if the Almighty taps me on the shoulder, what better place than out in a boat where I can really revel in nature and solitude?

Many old timers like us say they wish to go in their sleep, but for me the best place is Davy Jones' Locker. Outsiders and family members may think this is foolishness but

they will think that regardless of what we do, so I will revel in life up to that last minute. I do realize we all have to make up our own minds about things of this sort.

Neil Folsom, Standish, ME

**Editor Comments:** I was envisioning not the tap of the Almighty as much as possible bad judgement resulting in the need for others to come rescue me before it is too late. Companions can be of immediate help if the need arises. The worst case scenario of death while alone afloat could come prematurely with still some useful and enjoyable years yet to be lived.

## This Magazine...

### A Proper Explanation

Since you were kind enough to send me personally signed letters asking for my subscription renewal, I owe you a proper explanation of why I am not renewing. While *Messing About...* is enjoyable and full of well written articles, it misses the mark for someone who does his messing about in our mountain waters. North Georgia and western North Carolina are blessed with many beautiful lakes created by the TVA some 50 years ago. Several of these lakes resemble fjords more than any other body of water I could name. These lakes are connected by a system of streams and narrow, often fast moving rivers.

For those of us whose workdays approach 12 hours in length, our limited messing about is done in john boats, canoes (powered by oar or trolling motor), kayaks, used fiberglass outboards, and pontoon boats, but assuredly not in those neat wooden beauties you New Englanders seem to prefer! A good afternoon up here might include a little fishing, a little poking about following the GPS arrow, a bit of rock'n rapids terror, or just some drifting with friends and family. The design and pedigree of one's craft is of relatively little import to anyone other than the whitewater fanatics.

Thanks anyway, and best wishes with your endeavors!

Roger Beal, Young Harris, GA

### Keep the Articles Coming

Keep the articles coming, I enjoy your magazine here. I cancelled all others, same old thing. I've been building small vessels here for over 50 years. I enjoy the wanderings of that bandit Robb White.

Richard Ledergerber, Atlantic Highlands, NJ



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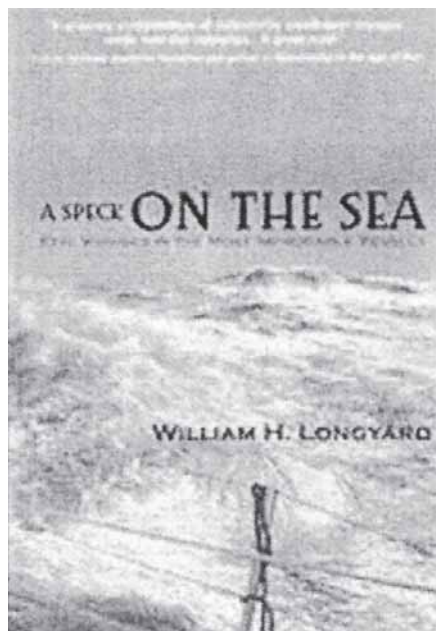
# A Speck On The Sea

By William H. Longyard

International Marine/McGraw Hill  
Paperback — ISBN 0-07-144029-1  
\$13.95



## Book Reviews



*A Speck on the Sea* is subtitled on the cover, and on the title page, as *Epic Voyages in the Most Improbable Vessels*. While some of the vessels described in this collection of voyage stories were “improbable,” many others were well thought out, able craft, although small. William Longyard generally limits his epic voyage coverage to boats of 20’ maximum length, although there were some exceptions. The author has researched and compiled a collection of stories of small boat adventures, mostly solo ocean crossings, but also some long river cruises.

But he missed my favorite, Eric Sevareid’s story of *Canoeing with the Cree*, reviewed on these pages by Bob Hicks in the October 1, 2000 issue. Also missed were the long distance canoeing cruises and voyages of Verlen Kruger (see the “In Memoriam” box in the November 15, 2004 issue). He certainly deserved inclusion. Included in the “improbable” realm there are stories of long sea survivals in life rafts and there is even a swimmer story and another of long distance survivals in inflatable suits. Also among the improbable vessels was a story of a balloon with a passenger basket designed for ditching and long distance subsequent travel.

The stories are arranged in time period chapters, starting with Inuits who were blown out to sea from the Greenland coast and arrived, not always alive, in Ireland. In the latest eras the contest became crossing the ocean in the shortest boat although, as Longyard points out, these shortest boats were not really as small as they were short. That obser-

vation echoed my impression of Gary Spiess’ *Yankee Girl* when it was on display in my St. Paul bank lobby some time after his first Atlantic crossing.

The author discusses motives of these adventurers in some depth in his introduction, considering survival, curiosity, money, fame, socio political motives, technical challenge, personal test, and quest for purpose. Many of the reported voyagers seemed to have several mixed motives.

In order to include so many stories, approaching one hundred, the author was forced to shorten most of them to their bare essentials and the reading gets rather terse, but the author was skillful in making short but smooth transitions between the stories in each chapter. Not having firsthand knowledge of most of the stories, this reviewer can’t vouch for the accuracy of all, but when reading his account of Kenichi Horie’s Pacific crossing it didn’t quite agree with my memories of Horie’s book *Kodoku*, so I dug out the book and found that some of Longyard’s condensing and interpretations seem to give a different slant from what I gained from the complete narrative. However, the only other book that Longyard condenses into a few pages and that I have read recently, Joseph Garland’s *Lone Voyager: The Extraordinary Adventures of Howard Blackburn*, seemed accurately reported.

Reading *A Speck on the Sea* will whet your appetite to find many of the books listed in the bibliography and read the complete narratives of the voyages that are included here so briefly. I do have a complaint about the bibliography which was arranged by chapters of the book; that is, each gives a list of the names of periodicals used as source materials for that chapter but without any indication of which issue or issues nor of which story in the chapter that would be applicable. *Messing About in Boats* is included as a source for the chapter covering the 1990s, but which issues? I don’t have the slightest idea.

Following the book’s appendix, there is a notes section that includes expanded information and, in some cases, speculations, many of which were interesting additions to the stories. However, there were no notations within the narrative indicating the notes’ existence. I just discovered them and then followed them back and found which stories they applied to.

In the conclusion, Longyard includes his advice and warnings to those who read these stories and are inspired to emulate these ad-

venturers. He lists ten “must read” books and some “proven design” boats and designers. I would add his book to the list of “must reads,” but, of course, he assumes that if you’re reading the conclusion, you’ve already read his book.

## A Dictionary of Everyday Words & Phrases Derived from the Sea

By Peter D. Jeans

International Marine  
Trade Paperback — 434 pp. — \$18.95

Review by Bill Marsano

Now here’s as nice a little nautical book as you’ll hope to find, and it’s not even so little, 433 pages will keep you occupied on plenty of cold winter afternoons. This book ought to be placed where it’s available for quick grabbing up and sudden plunging into. Open to almost any page and you’ll find lore and learning and have fun doing it. After all, the maritime world ranks with Shakespeare and the King James Bible as a mighty contributor to our language.

Jeans has apparently been at this for some time, there is nothing casual seeming about his work which includes a considerable bibliography and four appendices (on nautical prepositions, terms derived from the land, terms related to human anatomy, changed spellings and corrupted forms). There’s even a subsection on the animal world. I cobbled together an article on exactly that subject for a cruising magazine some years back, with Jeans’ help I can go back and do another. All this might suggest a dry and dusty scholar at work, but not so. Jeans has dry wit and a glinty eye. I like, for example, his introduction to “in or on a ship,” “Not in itself a colloquial expression of nautical origin, but inserted here to instruct the neophyte and remind the faithful.”

Apart from many surprises I found lots of old friends. Somehow it’s especially pleasing to have some expert show you that what you already know is worth putting in a book. One feels (undeservedly) quite the advanced sailor. There are also some stretches. Frankly, I can’t remember the last time I heard anyone yell, “Remember the Birkenhead!” and I’ll be blown if there’s anything to Jeans’ explanation of how “boobs,” a vulgarity popular with racy magazines, originated from the practicality of sailormen. But a dictionary isn’t worth a dime if you can’t pick an occasional fight with it. That just makes its companionable qualities all the more enjoyable.

(Bill Marsano is a professional writer and editor and a boaty person of long standing and much lying.)



Wednesday morning regatta.

Kokopelli, the patron saint of desert sailors, lulled by the soft Indian summer of the canyon country, was late on the way to his winter lodge. Following his lead, the Kokonauts were likewise tardy in gathering at the Thin Man Camp the last week of October. The chosen span featured a midweek full moon and an eclipse to boot. Late season also suggested better wind.

As I pulled into Green River to consult with melon meister Larry Bowerman, I noticed behind me a rig with something protruding upward. Turned out to be fellow Junctionite John Denison with his WW Potter 19. With a couple of melons aboard and full tanks, we convoyed down to Thin Man Camp, a couple of miles east of the Bullfrog turn.

Steve Axon's Sea Pearl was there, along with an elegant sea kayak, longer than its Subaru, and Ron Robert's latest contraption. The place was devoid of human life. John and I proceeded to refresh ourselves after the rigors of the road and were soon joined by our pedestrian pals who had been slithering through the slot canyons,

Snug lunch stop.

## Pokey Kokey

By Jim Thayer

Turns out that Steve Case, l'artiste, had come down early to do some kayaking and was headed back on Sunday. Despite long and serious association with the professional Kokonaus, he is inexplicably still locked into the 9-to-5.

Ron's progression from a canoe with outriggers to a double canoe has taken a jump to a Sears Gamefisher. He has carried forward his lateen sail and his forward facing oars to his quest for greater capacity. He has given up his lawn chair for the zen of a hard thwart.

A fire was kindled against the cold wind and it encouraged random nibbling and sipping. Well dark, the Gales and Jack rolled in. Axon treated with sauteed shrimp and Mrs. T's cookies went 'round while Willie and Ruby flitted like wood nymphs and lapped as knees offered.

I slept like deadwood in the back of my short bed camper and only discovered the falling mist when I crawled out to find the foot of my bag wet. Due to the lateness of the season I had brought my feather bag and had resolved to put up the tent at the first sign of cloud.

Breakfast over and the l'artiste sent on his way, we hit the trail for Bullfrog in a building drizzle. The entrance station was manned by an electronic ticket machine but, being a golden geezer without an engine, I cruised right past.

Due to the lake level being down 120 some feet, the concrete ramp had receded well up the hill. The NPS had built a large gravel pad from which launching was possible if one didn't draw over a couple of feet. We never gave it a look but went straight south to our usual beach launch spot.

It was decidedly dreary but the damp stayed aloft and the company set to with a will. Ron was first away rowing with his hull gunnel full and a cooler the size of a coffin on his foredeck. John's cruise liner required some work to set up the rig. In my own case,

First Camp.





the mast must be taking on water as it has gotten much heavier over the years. Fortunately there were many willing hands.

The Sea Pearl was off next, and then Tom's Peugeot with its front wheels in the water needed help. I eased off into a soft southerly leaving Tom and Heather, burdened (blessed) with two children, to finish packing. Smith and the Nicholsons, mired at work, planned to come Thursday and hunt us up.

The track lay some south of east with the wind at 6-8, a bit westerly. This gave us long and short boards and at 1400 I had the Hall's Creek marina abeam. A jaunt of one hour, allowing for 15 minutes getting the sails up. Usually, and definitely in this case, one is better off to get sail up and sail off the beach. Confounding known physical laws, the fastest sailboat is one blowing down on a lee shore under bare poles.

Fetching the main channel we bore away eastward and chuckled off on a broad reach. A couple of miles on, the channel makes a sharp turn north. And what did we find there? A stiff headwind right in the snoot.

I soon blew by Ron and was handily gaining on the cruise ship when John woke up and started holding his lead. Ron, apparently chagrined by such an ostentatious display of elitist yachtsmanship, bent to his oars and soon passed us both. He later admitted that he had given himself a good workout.

Unless you have a boat that will plane upwind, a well found pulling boat will leave you behind on a short haul up to several miles. That Ron's "tub," with its mechanical flappers, could do so was sobering indeed. As we rounded the next corner and once more headed east, the wind fell lighter and lighter. John gave Ron a line and headed for the barn in Hansen Creek. I was ghosting and rowing when Tom came along with his A Duckah! mounting a 1-1/2hp Johnson. The sun long since over the yardarm, my only rational move was to take a line.

Forty-five minutes later, having passed only one decent camping spot (occupied by a houseboat) we found the advance party with enough sand for two boats. Jack and Heather hove up as we were getting organized. Manhandling two small boats ashore, we gained room but Tom, Jack, and John wound up fendered off the rocks, John with the aid of a piton.

Ron was warming up a big pot of beans, some spuds, and pan of cornbread. Ron is of a persuasion which avoids the alky molecule, however, he is a tolerant and accommodating fellow and so laid on a bottle of Boone's Farm for his benighted companions, a delightful red, a trifle sweet et un peu petillant. Ron's marvelous beans are an anticipated treat at the Starvation meet. Cooked to a faretheewell and frozen, they require only warming up. Never put salt in the beans until they are done. Learned that from an old shepherd while riding a mule up Nick Mt. Give me a mule any day. Maybe that explains my boat! If you ever see a sheep camp don't fail to drop by. We had a good fire and hit the sack.

Monday morning dawned bright and the fire was revived. Ruby, after lessons from Mr. Outdoorsman Axon, kept busy with her Barbie fishing outfit. I might point out for the edification of the mom and pop set that a fishing outfit will keep the little people occupied for long stretches, but tangles are dire emergencies with which little fingers cannot cope.



Ruby in command.



Sun worship.

Willie's Boat with wild rig, built by Jack.



We had a nice little stream and with the lake 10' higher our spot would have been a class ten camp. There are quite a few seeps and small streams because the lake has dropped faster than the water table.

The original plan had been to run quickly east to Good Hope Bay, knock around there for a couple of days and then, failing an east wind (which we would have well deserved), motor or beat our way back. However, Hansen Creek, which on a previous trip had been a broad sail and camp friendly place, was now a narrow winding gorge.

The Navajo sandstone is a thick dune deposit which, if you are up near the top of it, where it weathers into nifty domes, provides nice pools and snug harbors. Down over 100', where we were, it's mostly steep cliffs with occasional caves and overhangs. The same stratum would be with us all the way east. It seemed like a good place to punt. To clinch the decision, Steve's weather radio was calling for strong winds and rain. Best bet for a comfy hide hole was Moki Canyon two legs back.

I drifted out of camp, first away, driven by needs of a personal nature. The wind was very light but Nina felt it even when I couldn't. I rowed some, soaked up the sun, and wondered at the erosion delights around me. Sailing is fun but there is much to be said for just drifting, especially when the warm sun is driving the night's chill from the old bones.

Midmorning Tom came along and passed a line. John was not far behind with Steve and Ron. Heather would make as good a time as the rest of us and doubtless enjoy it more. Jack had gone off early to explore Forgotten Canyon. He expected to see us when we exited Hansen.

We stopped halfway down the south-bound leg at a shallow little bay to have some lunch and let the kids play in the water. It was a great spot except no rain shelter and no windbreak. It was shirts off warm as we tore into Aunt Fanny Salad and other goodies. A. F. Salad makes a great dip but also a good fork food on a bed of lettuce with toast. Heat one can tomato soup with 8oz. cream cheese, stirring constantly until well blended. Add one envelope unflavored gelatin in 1/2 cup cold water. When cooled, but not set, add 1 cup chopped celery, 1 cup minced shrimp, 1 cup mayonnaise, 1/4 tsp. salt. Aunt Fanny was one of the Moore sisters, all of whom made it into their 90s, and some broke 100.

As the tummies filled, little zephyrs began to play about the place, coming from all directions. By the time the lids were on and the cans crushed they had coalesced into a nice little westerly. It was getting quite exuberant as we fetched Moki. The wind coming down the main channel hit the wall just beyond the Moki entrance and a good bit squirted in behind us. This made for a fun run except that there are many sharp bends and the wind, like an energetic hiker, sometimes jumps over the necks and, losing it's way, comes back at you. Sometimes, apparently, he sits in the shade resting himself while you drift aimlessly. But he's a spastic fellow and doesn't leave you for long. You must tack on the instant and sometimes follow him around 180 degrees, only to find that he has slipped away. It's good practice and if you have nibbles and drink to hand there is no reason to complain.



The campsite was a large alcove with high overhanging cliff and a tent flat about 50' up. Dreading the climb, I staked out a narrow ledge about halfway up. The camp lay near the end of a short arm which played out in a grove of dead cottonwoods. There being no sign of Jack and his meatballs, Steve did his renowned Thai Curry. Our north facing wall would never see the sun, but the moon lit up the cliff opposite giving us good light.

Tuesday dawned bright and mild. Jack came stroking in mid morning all hale and hearty, talking up how great it had been in Forgotten Canyon. Steve went off exploring but most were content to putter about camp. I worked on my backpack with needle and palm. One might become adept with a palm in time but I will never make it.

Late afternoon the siren song of sun dappled water called. John got fired up to inflate his cat raft. He went out for a paddle and, on his return, several sporting types went out for a try. Ron and I also ventured forth, exploring a cave just downstream. I then worked my way into the trees at the head of navigation. It was scummy and spooky, suggesting swamps of a far different climate. An alligator would have been no surprise.

For supper Jack did his celebrated meatball chili. With plenty of wood at hand I must confess that we had a white man fire every night. There were wisps of cirrus but no sign of Steve's storm. Perhaps it was busy molesting the Scuzzbums, at this same time messing about down on Lake Mojave. Kim Apel made it to Koko last year, but it's a long haul from Lotus Land and he's the only one of this legendary group to make it so far.

The Scuzzmum has been talking about it for years and seemed committed this year but something came up at the last minute. I'm beginning to wonder if, like Dewitt's wife,

she is a fictional character conjured up to give the group an aura of raffish respectability.

Wednesday early on it started to cloud up. The group was getting restive and it was decided to all sail out and get some photos and video at a local wide spot and then go on to the main channel. We fooled around some and then started making our way down canyon as the wind became more and more gusty.

I was trying to get a shot of the Sea Pearl as she heeled and the motor mount shot up a fine rooster tail. Turning back to my own affairs I barely had time to clench my teeth as a gust hit and we bashed the wall head on at near hull speed. Steve commented on the remarkable noise but I subsequently found no damage. However, the wooden food box was jammed a foot forward into the other gear.

Heather was doing a remarkable job of handling her dipping lug rig in a rather tender boat. Tom and Willie in the A Duckah! and John and Ron in the Potter were out of sight ahead when I, having supper duty, decided it was time to head back. Returning around a bend I heard a shout and saw Heather striking sail. Looking ahead I could see a low white object with a powerboat close aboard.

It could only be the Pearl and in big trouble. My first thought was for Ruby who was riding with Steve. I made haste as best I could, dead to windward, and was soon alongside the powerboat, one of them big engine bass bombers. Steve was diving under the Pearl for something but I was greatly relieved to see Ruby huddled in the bass boat.

The wind was too strong and fluky to manage my sail so I banged the wall a couple of times and drifted off to furl. A half dozed strokes informed me that I wasn't going to return and, in fact, couldn't even hold my own. Experience would have told me as much had I bothered to check the file.

Fending off with an oar, I clunked along the wall, around a corner, and into an alcove where a rock fall allowed me to hook the anchor. After a good rest I ventured forth under half sail. Turned around by some spatters of rain, Tom and John came motoring back and were sent on ahead.

I was getting along but had to roll out more sail to make decent progress. As I turned into our local canyon the wind was deflecting off the wall so that I was able to make it the whole way about 12' off the wall, close hauled on one tack. A remarkable experience.

After the event, as always, I took time to rerun it. On close approach it was clear that there was no imminent danger and the situation was in hand. I should have carried on to windward from where I could have struck sail, or deep reefed, and drifted down under control or, if no help were needed, just jilled around getting video of the recovery.

Back at the ranch, a fire was going and the survivors had fully recovered. Like me, Steve had been getting some photos, a business singlehanded under the conditions that was somewhat problematic. He had been dead in the water, beam on to the wind, well reefed, sheets free when a gust hit. He reached down to leeward to grab Ruby and that was it. Glub, glub. They climbed on top of the bottom and within three minutes the bass busters were alongside.

It wasn't practical to tow the wreck because the masts, sails, and all their gear were hanging down on the ends of the sheets. Efforts to right the hull were speeded when a second power boat came along and took a line athwartships to roll her up. Still she didn't have enough freeboard for anybody aboard to bail her out.

The Sea Pearl is a popular and able boat but tender for a boat her size. Such boats are

Girlly Boat with lug rig.



Ron under tow.



NINA with bone in teeth.





Jack under sail follows Sea Pearl.



Ron's Boat with lawn chair figurehead.



Heather's Girly Boat, a New York Whitehall.

Jack with steering oar.



A rare sight. Axon under oars.

Summer camp, now MUD





fine if the crew is ever alert but unforgiving of inattention or mistakes. I am a great believer in sealed hollow masts. A boat with proper flotation ought to float with the mast awash and the hull immersed not much beyond the centerline.



Bass boat tries to tow Pearl.

The consequences of such a capsized with no help at hand are not comforting to contemplate, a powerful argument for cruising in company. Likewise a good reason to discuss rescue techniques and run some warm water drills. Fortunately it was a day sail and most of his gear was back at camp. Heck, it was time to move up to a digital camera anyway.

Having interviewed the shipwreck victims and pattered around a bit, it was time for me to start supper. In this endeavor I was ably assisted by my sous chef, Ruby. Practically all the trash on my boat goes into a gallon milk jug. Some items require folding or chopping before insertion but rare is the item that cannot be dealt with. Ruby takes great pleasure in stuffing my trash.

Now however, she was faced with a great pile of potato and apple peelings. Some of the long apple peelings were sort of fun but one potato peel is much like another. Logical attempts to speed the process by use of the dustpan or bailer met with failure. Make a note, you cannot pour spud peels into a milk jug. Ruby soon made it clear that her talents lay on a higher plane than the task at hand. As it should be, the guy who made the mess had to clean it up.

Der himmel und erde sold well, leaving just one helping for my breakfast. Tom had rigged a fly against the off and on drizzle, which resulted in an ebb and flow between the shelter and the warming fire. Sometime in the wee hours I was cognizant of an insistent pitter patter on the roof. The next blip of consciousness was the result of a hint of cold water on the feet. I sucked up my knees and hoped it wouldn't follow.

In those blue water stories, the guy first realizes that the ship is sinking when he swings his bare feet out of the bunk and encounters cold water on the cabin sole. In my case I would huddle back in the bunk and wait for it to soak through the mattress. In the morning there was standing water on the floor.

In the soggy gray light of dawn Steve assured me that everybody knows you don't put an impermeable ground cloth under your tent. Another classic case of live and learn.

There was off and on drizzle as I warmed up my breakfast and then packed up drippy gear.

Upon ascending to the main camp I discovered dry sand 15' out from the cliff. I didn't think it had much overhang. Tom's tent also had minor water problems. The plan was to move on and make camp closer to Bullfrog. Steve elected to go hiking and spend another night. I casually mentioned to John that I might accept a tow when he came by, and then set off rowing.

Before long John came along with Ron in tow and I latched on behind. John requested that I furl my sail, which was the proper course. A sudden gust with the sail up and the head pinned by a tow line could be dicey. Near Stanton Creek John turned us loose to warm up rowing. Ron started off at a goodly pace but I barely had the oars in the water before Tom came along and passed a line. Leaving me safely at the takeout, Tom went back to help choose a camp.

I hadn't been in the truck with the heater going very long before here came the whole fleet. Breaking camp in the rain is not so big a deal, but making camp with soggy gear when you are already getting blue around the edges takes real dedication. Evidently the enormity of the situation had dawned on them. The main reason for breaking camp Thursday was to meet up with Smith and the Nicholsons, who couldn't get away for the start. Now here came the Nicholsons, a welcome sight indeed.

The footing at the takeout was slicker than greased goose gunk so it was necessary to transfer up to the new temporary gravel ramp. Dwight was just in time to run the shuttle. He also plunged into the water to help me and everybody else get loaded and unrigged.

John lit out for the Junction while Jack headed for Thin Man. The rest of us repaired to the campground where the Nicholsons treated for a space. Eighteen bucks and no hot water or showers! That's \$550 per month, which will get you a pretty decent house around here. Joan and Dwight laid on chili

Nina from cave.



verde with fixin's and some bottles, well beyond our usual box standard. Hey! Ron chipped in a nice bottle, too. Eat your heart out, Steve!

After supper the Gales hit the trail for Arizona to check on Tom's mother. We had a good fire with great hunks of wood Ron had hauled all the way from Moki. He's an indispensable fellow. Lacking a decent box for the grand finale, we made do with a soggy wine box which finally made enough flame to engender a ragged Kokopelli cheer. Thus endeth another memorable Kokopelli.

The night cleared, the moon came up, and, after an hour in the dryer my bag was warm as toast. The sun climbed into a cloudless sky and we shed coats and sweaters with each round of fried toast and coffee.

A little breeze made up as Joan and Dwight put their Expedition 18 overboard. Before the day was out they met up with Steve and camped at Thin Man. I fooled around until noon, soaking up the sun, cleaning the boat, and puttering around most inefficiently. Perhaps not classic messing about, but even on the hard it has its charms.

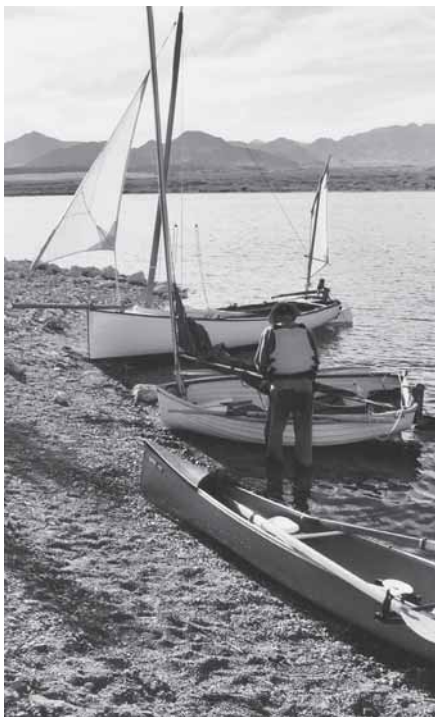
Epilog: I noticed sailing up Moki that the sun seemed incredibly hot. It made my face prickle. I don't fool with sun screen because I am out nearly all year and stay well tanned. As soon as I got home my nose and lips started peeling. It went on in rather dramatic fashion for ten days. There were some snide remarks about Thayer wearing his new snowsnoot.

## Video Deal

Why sure, we got a video. Call it the "Big 2004 Wrapup". It includes Kokopelli, Starvation, and The Whale Hunt. Two hours of stunning scenery, exciting action, sailing splendor, chic cooking show and gripping human interest. I've even had a couple of compliments. Get your 18 bucks (cash, check, or money order) to Big 2004 Video, Grand Mesa Boatworks, 15654 57-1/2 Rd., Collbran, CO 81624



Jeff Saar (left) and Sabin Mroz in the Myst yawl.

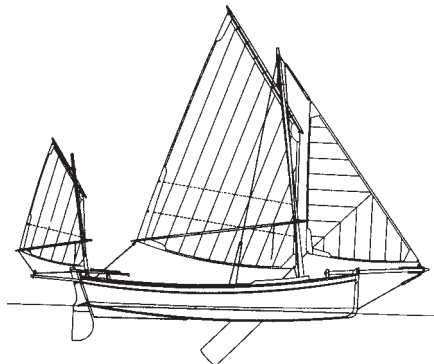


Camp on the Arizona shore of Lake Mojave.

Leland Foerster in the Fatty Knees dinghy.



Searching for a breeze, Jeff leaves it up to Leland to keep an eye out.



Sail plan of the Myst yawl.

## Lake Mohave Cruise (aka Kokopelli Lite)

By Kim Apel

Leland Foerster shamed me into going. The weather forecast for October 28-30 was wet. Other boating friends had prudently bowed out. I was inclined to do the same, but Leland said he had an itch to scratch and was determined to take a trip somewhere, rain or shine, even if he had to go alone. I had instigated a messabout on Lake Mohave weeks before, envisioning the warm, dry conditions typical for October in the desert, so I couldn't back out gracefully. Setting aside common sense, I said, "OK, let's go." Then, on the eve of departure, I heard that Jeff Saar and Sabin Mroz were in, too.

Several of the Scuzbums (members of the Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society) had previously considered attending Jim Thayer's Lake Powell Kokopelli Cruise the last week of October (always timed to coincide with the full moon). I was the sole Scuzbum delegate to the Kokopelli last year, and one of the Kokonauts, Ron Roberts, reciprocated by visiting the Scuzbums' Giant Five Day Messabout in San Diego in August.

This year, the required time commitment (a week or more) and travel distance (800+ miles each way) were too much. We settled for what I called "Kokopelli Lite," a three-day trip to Lake Mohave and only 40% as far to drive. I sent our regrets to Commodore Thayer and asked him to think of us some night, with both parties sitting around campfires, Kokonauts upstream on Lake Powell, Scuzbums a few hundred miles downstream via the Colorado River on Lake Mohave.

After an epic battle escaping the traffic of metropolitan Los Angeles, Leland and I rendezvoused with Jeff and Sabin at the Cottonwood Cove campground/marina late Wednesday. There was a drizzle through the night and stormy, threatening clouds the next morning. The smell of the desert after rain is intoxicating. By 8am the prospects for a dry day looked doubtful. We launched anyway, more with hope than conviction. Lo and behold, conditions improved! A southerly breeze filled in to push us easily toward our intended beach camp further up the lake.

Leland was in his 9' Fatty Knees dinghy. Jeff, with Sabin as crew, was in his new D 18 Myst 18' yawl (see *WoodenBoat* #181, pg. 88 for more info). I was rowing my Sawyer racing canoe. In the aftermath of the storm, the golden October light, clear air, dramatic broken clouds, and brisk breeze made for a beautiful ride up the lake. It was like a magazine cover come to life. On account of the tailwind and push of the waves, I was able to easily keep pace with Jeff and Sabin in the yawl. Jeff's knot meter said we were averaging 4.5 knots. The other effect of the storm was that there were very few other boats around. Despite Lake Mohave's location between Los Angeles and Las Vegas, we had the lake almost to ourselves.

We found a suitable cove out of the breeze and made camp ashore. All the shoreline is public, part of the Lake Mead National



Recreation Area, like a national park but with fewer restrictions. We learned that Leland doesn't settle for nasty camp food, he's a camp gourmet, fresh ingredients and fancy seasonings. Had we known how much food Leland was bringing, we wouldn't have needed any other, but the added diversity was welcome.

We were treated to a stunning sunset and, though it was clearing overhead, darkness revealed distant lightning flashes to the east. Darkness turned the landscape inky black and brought out the stars, of course. A short time later the full moon rose, upstaging the stars and re-illuminating the landscape in a ghostly silver grey. We turned in early with our prospects for the next day unknown.

Friday dawned clear and we all went out on Jeff's boat, hoping for more of the previous day's breeze. Instead we drifted around in light and variable conditions, trading stories and experiences, eating, and drinking. Lacking wind or strict attention to the tiller, the natural behavior of the boat seemed to be to turn slow circles. I noted that it was like being on a rotating restaurant with fine views all around. "Top of the Mohave" quipped Leland. No one seemed to mind the lack of robust sailing action.

For a bunch of old guys we were acting and talking like kids, except that kids don't act that way anymore. Rather, I suppose, we were acting like the kids we used to be. With the world a seemingly more dangerous place than it was in our youth, kids nowadays don't go places and do things and have adventures unsupervised like we used to. A bit of beach flotsam discovered by Sabin highlighted this notion, an inflatable beachball with a mes-

sage printed on the side in ten languages, "Children are to be supervised in the use of this ball."

The combination of the earlier rain and the mid-week start of our cruise resulted in few other boats around. What I seek on these camp cruising trips, and what we got on Lake Mohave, was an "illusion of wilderness." The wilderness mood and the quiet were predictably broken with the arrival of the weekend. Dawn Saturday brought the piercing whine of several 200+hp bass boats hurtling by at warp speed.

It was time to head home anyway. Mohave had bestowed the gift of perfect weather despite a gloomy forecast and now we received a parting favor. The southerly wind that had pushed us to our campsite reversed and pushed us back to the launch ramp. How often do you get a tailwind going both ways? Jeff and Sabin prudently set only their mainsail. Leland agreed in hindsight that he should have reefed the sail on his dinghy. But then he would have missed the adrenaline rush of burying the bow, death rolls, and so on. For my part I stayed dry by keeping the canoe aligned downwind, resisting the tendency to broach. I was able to "surf" a series of waves which would sling me forward without pulling on the oars.

Our plan for simultaneous messabouts, with the Kokonauts and Scuzbums on different Colorado River reservoirs was accom-

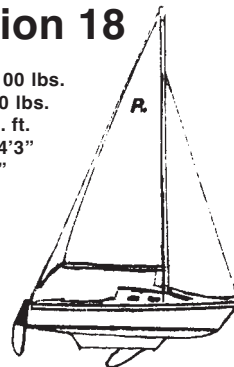
plished. I learned later that the same weather front we dodged on Lake Mohave slammed the Kokonauts on Lake Powell. See Thayer's report elsewhere in this issue.

Color photos of our Mohave messabout may be seen at this website: <http://www.smallboatforum.com/PDFfiles/KimApelKokopelliLite.pdf>.

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"River Solitaire," if Edward Abbey had been a canoeist. After breakfast a solitary poler in a warm-up exercise heads upstream.

#### Sixth Day Thursday, June 17, 2004

Day after day on the river reaches the point where one feels almost mesmerized in a fixed routine, breaking camp, paddling, eating lunch, finding a campsite, and pitching a tent. Unless an event of major purport happens, everything slowly blends into a repetitive pattern which made it increasingly difficult to remember exactly what, when, or where something happened. The river seduced us into a blurred time warp as to whether we had been out X, Y, or Z number of days or, if indeed, it mattered anyway. Mike expressed it best, "There are only three times of day, time to paddle, time to eat, and time to sleep."

The main excitement of this day occurred toward the end. After landing at another end-of-the-trail fisherman's access and establishing camp in a beautiful spruce forest, I decided to exercise my cramped-up canoeing legs in a hike to Route #299. The trail forked as one ran parallel beside the river downstream. Following that path, I encountered four fishermen up to their hip boots casting for the elusive salmon. The guide told me his party had recently caught two fish, one a 20-pounder, and the other 30. But that was yesterday and he had no current catch to display for a photograph. I invited them up to our camp for coffee.

Returning to the fork, I followed the path for a ten-minute hike through a recently cleared blowdown, a corduroy section over a swamp, a wooden bridge over a stream, and finally steep stairs to the parking lot off the road. There were the fisherman's vans. A sign informed "Pool 42, Van Allen, Captain."

Upon my return to my tent I noticed a heavy-set middle-aged man, a stranger to me, who had obviously descended the trail about the same time I was talking with the fisherman. The man wore a "Cascapédia River Association" patch on his shirt and was a game warden, the law of the river. He carried no firearms. We shook hands in friendship. From the conversation I had with him and what I heard later on from others, the warden

## "Canoeing the Cascapédia: Québec's Salmon River"

### Part IV

By Richard E. Winslow III  
(For Ed Masteller, whoa would have loved this trip)



The "Van Allen, Captain, 42" sign on the highway numbers the 42nd salmon pool upstream from the mouth of the river.

first asked, "Are you fishing," his main concern, and, "Are you lighting fires only on the shore rocks? A cabin downstream recently burned."

"The salmon season began on June 1st," he continued, "and extends until September 30th, the last month being catch-and-release only. Some two to three thousand salmon

were taken last year. Many fishermen donate their salmon catch to a hatchery where they produce eggs in the spring for restocking the river."

Satisfied that he had encountered no poachers, he left. At dinner I asked Mike how the warden ever got wind that our canoeing party was around.

"It's well known by now that a canoeing expedition is on the river," he said. "News travels fast. Fishermen, camp owners, auto and truck drivers have observed us for the last few days."

The fishermen, whom I had invited up to Warden Camp for coffee, never showed up.

#### Seventh Day Friday, June 18, 2004

In the morning on the river we immediately noticed a distinct weather change with a hazy, streaked sky above. "Mare's tails are spreading," Carolyn said. "We'll have rain within 24 hours." The diffusing cirrus clouds, just as accurately, resembled strung-out fibers of a milk weed pod which consolidated during the course of the day, dimming the sun above.

That weather forecast was not our only and immediate concern. "We've got to put in a long hard day," Mike advised. "We need to gain enough miles for a final campsite tonight to be in position for a quick paddle to the take-out tomorrow."

Imagine our surprise and delight a few minutes later at Angers River confluence, Mike good naturedly announced, "I must have misread the map. We are actually two miles further down the river than I had originally thought."

In mid-morning we encountered another frustrated fishing party, a man standing and casting above his canoe seat with nothing to show for his efforts. The fishermen and guides were close enough to allow a brief exchange. When we mentioned our encounter with the game warden, they laughed, being well acquainted with him on a name basis. "He's been known to lie," was their opinion.

For his part, Mike could not resist a little joking. "How do you know when a guide is lying?" As no response came forth from the fishing canoe, Mike supplied the answer, "When he opens his mouth."

The highlight of the afternoon occurred when in a follow-the-leader, fast-water section, we descended a pinched channel. Passing under a forested cliff on the island side, we shot around the far end to spot a beach on

Next year's campsite found. A follow-the-leader paddle in fast water below a steep bank reveals a glen-like setting with a beach.





the opposite or mainland shore. Mike mentally took note of this glen for later entry on his map. "We'll camp here on the next trip," he said, "even if it requires a little brushing out for sites."

In the late afternoon we noticed a clearing in the woods with a cottage and a flag-pole flying the Province of Québec flag. A man was standing at river bank. "The salmon have all gone upstream," he said. "There are no salmon left in the lower Cascapédia."

Day's end brought us on to a river right grassy field across from Île du Cheval (Horse Island.) "This is home," Larry said, "even though someone forgot to cut the grass." With the fused sky merging totally gray, we were happy to be at Grassy Camp.

### **Eighth Day Saturday, June 19, 2004**

In the drizzle we ate our last breakfast. During the night and in early morning we heard train whistles downstream as we approached civilization and take-out. For no apparent reason Frank and I fell into a conversation about our college days, military service, and academic careers. It all seemed a little irrelevant and unimportant in this setting.

"You're river rats now," Mike commented. "I've enjoyed that better than all the others," I said, the words tumbling out of my mouth.

We pushed off in light gauzy rain which quickly became heavier. Île du Cheval was fairly visible, its upstream bank dominated by a 10' high log pile ramparts, the most massive of the whole trip. Rain drops stained the exposed logs to a dark yellow.

The last turn proved to be tricky. On river right with a fisherman on the bank, we swung wide to avoid him and then entered a final fast water riffle with a menacing strainer ahead. As I crouched low to duck under an overhanging branch, my shoulders brushed the overhead wet leaves, shaking a shower of drops down on my neck and hands.

John was just a few canoe lengths behind us, but unaccountably disappeared on the turn. Mike and I waited for him. In a couple of minutes John emerged. "I was stuck in the mud," he said. "There was so much maneuvering involved with those three obstacles. The fishermen came to my rescue and extricated me without difficulty."

By now the acceptable drizzle had accelerated into torrential rain. Drops struck the river with such force that they bounced like transparent marbles. Little puddles formed in the creases of the knees of my leggings. Despite the manufacturer's exaggerated advertising claims, my "waterproof" pants and jacket were absorbing much dampness. Mike and Shauna were likewise dejected. "My clothes are wet, with moisture seeping in," Shauna called over. "The old fashioned India rubber suits were the only thing which worked."

In nasty situations such as this I often mentally recited a favorite saying to ease the ordeal. "Come what may," Shakespeare wrote. "Time and hour run through the roughest day."

We paddled under the railroad bridge and then under the towers of the Hydro Québec power lines over the river.

The Cascapédia was slowing down, the current becoming slack and then gone. We



A pastime totally unsuited for an impatient person. In the center of the canoe, salmon fishing sports cast, reel in, wait, swear and hope, with guides in the bow and stern seats.

paddled the last 200 yards, in fact, against the incoming tide. I began to sniff salt air and spot an occasional seagull flying overhead. In the distance ghostly toy-like cars and trucks passed over the Route 132 bridge. Beyond their silhouettes, Chauler Bay was voided in the thick shroud. It was a scene worthy of impressionist painting.

Larry landed at the New Richmond take-out campground, a vivid contrast from the sunny place we had left a week ago. Today in the no-let-up rain he coped to organize our slippery take-out. The trip was over.

At a restaurant that evening we raised our glasses in a toast, "to the Cascapédia." Partners to the end, Mike and I each ordered grilled salmon. Our party informally pledged (as we had talked about it all week) to reunite next June to canoe New Brunswick's Nepisquit, another salmon river.

For myself, from the first day onward during our paddle I pondered one recurring thought, once I became too old and too broken down to canoe anymore, would I be, at age 90, perhaps 100, reincarnated to cast my line in the Cascapédia as a salmon fisherman.

Viva Caunot (canoe)! Viva Saumon (salmon)! Viva Cascapédia.

### **Practical Information**

For those intending to descend the Cascapédia, average paddlers with common sense, proper equipment, and a flair for finding campsites should experience little difficulty.

As the Cascapédia appears to be rarely paddled for its entire length (as compared to the more popular Bonaventure), professional outfitters occasionally, but without regularity, book this trip. For overall information, three guiding companies familiar with the river are:

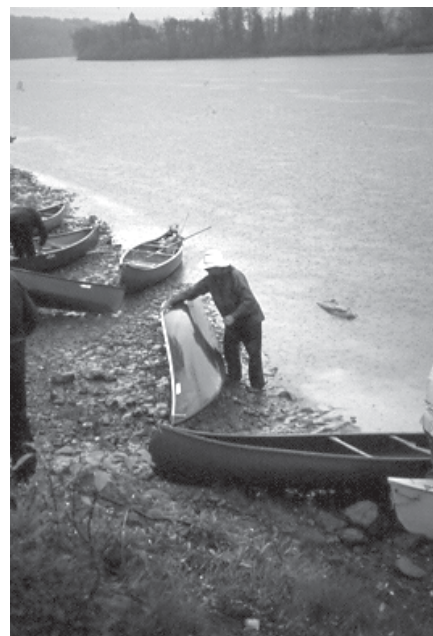
Gilles Brideau, Cime Aventure, 200, Chamin A. Arsonault, Bonaventure, Quebec GOC IEO, (418) 534-2333.

**Mike Patterson Wilds of Maine Guide Service, 192 Congress St., Belfast, ME**

**04915, (207) 338-3932, [www.wildsofmaine.com](http://www.wildsofmaine.com), <[wildsofmaine@hotmail.com](mailto:wildsofmaine@hotmail.com)>**

**Martin Brown, Sunrise International (Sunrise County Canoe Expeditions, Inc.) 4 Union Plaza Suite 21, Bangor, ME 04401 (800) RIVER-30 or (888) 490-9300 or (207) 942-9300.**

Back home again to a wet and slippery take-out at the new Richmond campground in a soaking rainstorm.



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"I'll take it!" I hollered out the car window, forcing a grin. As I turned into the driveway the owner stood gaping at the Moth streaming flapping sheets of canvas, wood splinters, and odd lengths of rigging wire from the cartop rack.

The ad in the *Detroit News* read, "International Moth sailboat. Excellent condition. \$150." It was a fine Sunday afternoon and we went out to take a look, my wife, two-year-old daughter, and I. It was a beauty, all glossy blue and varnish with red, hard racing bottom paint. We walked around several times and finally I asked if we could take it out to Silver Lake for a trial sail.

"Well, I guess so," said the owner, "but she's a little tender so watch her pretty close. Don't let her get away from you."

So off we went, happy, innocent. It was a fine sunny afternoon, perfect for a sail. The 11' scow looked like a little speedster all right, but I was ready, having owned a Snipe for a year or two. Never capsized, not once. I couldn't wait to launch her.

We lifted her into the shallows carefully and rigged her. The little Moth skipped across the waves like the over canvassed potato chip she was and over we went. Several powerboats sped up and one particularly Good Samaritan bent on a topline and succeeded in separating the mast, rigging, and foredeck from the hull, or what was left of it. Somehow we made it to shore and lashed it to the roof of the Plymouth.

We would call the boat *How Come?*, our two-year-old daughter's repeated response to the afternoon's carnage. Reconstruction would be my first experience at boatbuilding. As I recall, the contrast between the stress of sailing, wrecking, and buying a boat we couldn't afford and the satisfaction of turning a worthless mass of wood and canvas into a whole boat again was marked.

A few years later we left Michigan and moved to the West Coast. A boatbuilder in Eugene, Oregon, had a 16' knockabout in the yard. It needed paint but was otherwise in good condition. It was a Japanese Tombow (Dragonfly) Class boat with more deadrise in the bows and less sheer than a Snipe but otherwise quite similar. I learned to sail in the Tombow and also learned that a family of four could have a very short shelf life on such a boat.

My wife was bored with "going back and forth, back and forth," crisscrossing the reservoir to no apparent purpose. She'd look at a winch quizzically. I'd explain what it was and demonstrate by trimming in the jib. Feigning interest, she could only say, "What a clever husband you are," and turned to separate our quarreling children.

Son and daughter entered into the spirit of things sporting dragonfly emblazoned terrycloth capes their mother made for them, but once aboard engaged in more or less steady wrangling and scrapping. There was more to sailing happily than just sailing and I had a lot to learn.

Sailing seemed to fail as a way of uniting the family and, except for reading a few books on the subject (Slocum, Chichester, the Hiscocks and a few others), I began to lose interest in boats. I was having a difficult enough time trying to be a good husband and father without subjecting my loved ones to alternating bouts of the tension and boredom that our afternoons afloat had become.

## How I Got Hooked On Sailing

By Richard Alan Smith

Wandering aimlessly one day in a local bookshop I found a copy of *Modern Motor Boat Plans and Designs, Volume VIII of Motor Boating's Ideal Series*. That book changed everything, or rather one of the designs on page 96, "Red Onion, an Eighteen Foot Sharpie" did. As I studied the profile of the boat, its sail plan, and accommodation, it was as if this boat was designed for me. I studied the construction drawings and felt that I could build this boat. I read the short article accompanying the drawings and felt my enthusiasm surge. The designer, William Atkin, wrote a short article accompanying the drawings:

"She did not look just right... a little off here and there and a lot cockeyed along her sheer. In the water she looked even worse than on the land. Her owner christened her Red Onion. Asked why, he replied, 'Every time I look at her, she brings tears to my eyes. The old Red Onion might have been better looking had someone bothered a little in the preparation of plans, or at least made a half model from which to build her. Her name always interested me, honest, plain, and forthright, just the thing for a useful little hooker made for use and not for style, just right for the latest of our fleet. So herewith, Shipmates, another Red Onion!'"

But there were many volumes in the *Ideal Series*, each containing scores of small boat designs, mostly by William Atkin. Several appealed to me but I couldn't decide which one to build so I contacted the designer's son, John Atkin, asking if he might help me find the best boat. He replied as follows:

"Dear Mr. Smith: Thank you for your letter. My good wife will be taking care of your book order in the very near future. Enclosed are photocopies of three little boats which may come reasonably close to your requirements. Flat bottom boats have a lot to be said for them in simplicity of building, etc. I've always been partial to a well designed flat bottom hull in all respects. Prints of Nos. 1 and 2 are \$25, those of the open sloop are \$20. This figure includes any professional advice required while the boat is under construction. John Atkin"

William Atkin had drawn another little boat, Wild Oats, which was similar to Red Onion in all respects except that she had a V bottom and a Marconi rig rather than Red Onion's gaff. I was trying to choose between the two when John wrote:

"The V bottom boat, quite obviously, is more of a refinement and possibly therefore a bit better in many respects. There is a place for bilge water to lay in a V bottom hull, a flat bottom boat lacks this advantage. A flat bottom hull is subject to a stronger helm, all things equal, from my observations, 'though I'm not entirely certain about this.'"

I decided to put the simpler Marconi rig of Wild Oats on the flat bottom Red Onion and name her *Minka* after the Japanese folk houses I had studied for years. Years later John included *Minka* in his book *Practical Cruising Designs*, calling her Wild Onion, which amused him.

John Atkin gave me all kinds of practical advice from choosing the best wood and fasteners to rigging details and sailing, but it was his sincerity and personal encouragement that influenced and inspired me well beyond the immediate problems of building a boat. Because of this thoughtful attention to my concerns, I became truly hooked on boats.

More notes followed: "Dear Mr. Smith: It was nice to have your letter and to learn Red Onion is coming along and that you are having a nice time with the project. This is really all that matters."

And later: "Let me say your *Minka* is certainly a credit to us and I hope to all concerned. She looks just wonderful. It is naturally encouraging to know the little boat has worked out well and behaves herself. I feel the most rewarding aspect of yacht designing is in developing the work initially and then having nice letters from folks like you who have found a degree of relaxation and enjoyment in building and using the boat."

The children, now 11 and 14, found more of interest in the below deck arrangements in *Minka*, having their own berths and fishing poles or clam bucket and the generally more "shippy" feel of the "little hooker," as Billy Atkin referred to her. Sailing with either my son or my daughter (but not both) made for a happy ship, and I also sailed with others but I found that invariably, with three or more aboard, the talk moved all too easily to things other than boats and seemed to detract from the uniqueness of the occasion. Increasingly I enjoyed sailing single handed, exploring the myriad gunkholes of Puget Sound and the archipelagoes to the North.

I remember reaching under the Tacoma Narrows Bridge on a windy afternoon when inattention on my part allowed a tide rip to grab us, producing an accidental jibe. The main sheet went slack and lassoed the pesky little Seagull outboard which held it fast. As the boat went over I thought of the largest octopi in Puget Sound about 30 fathoms below us swimming with arms longer than *Minka* and waiting in the wreckage of the first Narrows Bridge.

I also recalled John's warning: "As you've written, she is a compromise. I can envision her taking a knockdown and scaring the hell out of you! But I suspect 'something' would let go before she capsized. Don't misunderstand, she could capsize if sheets weren't eased off."

*Minka* lay down on her side but nothing let go and with some sort of reserve strength that I have yet to rediscover, I pulled the bar tight mainsheet up and over the engine and we came up to continue our 10kt rampaging sleigh ride through that turbulent narrows.

I cannot say that I ever entirely escaped the fear that could turn my spine to jelly when that little skiff, carrying two deep reefs in the main and her handkerchief jib, was laid hard over by a 25kt gust. Perhaps the legacy of sailing a center boarder beyond reasonable limits left me with an affinity for the secluded bays and estuaries where I could take the ground. There was always a special quality of deservedness to wake up with *Minka* upright on a sandy bottom amongst the crows and glaucous winged gulls, the red rock crabs and spouting bivalves to remember the wind and waves of the day before.

*Minka* and the Atkins taught me just how simple cruising can be and it's a lesson I al-



ways try to remember as the forces of complication find their ways into our boats. The small jib didn't require winches. I had no depth sounder but did very well with a home-made lead line. I even fashioned a line with knots positioned so that I could determine speed. I made a wooden seat for the galvanized bucket, getting the plans from a wonderful book on the joys of sailing, *The Compleat Cruiser* by L. Francis Herreschoff. Come to think of it, everything I've learned about sailing and the love of it came from such books.

I'd tack up the shallow waterway between Whidbey Island and the tidal flats of Skagit Bay on the way to Deception Pass, approaching each shore until the centerboard just nudged and I'd come about. That was great fun.

Wherever I anchor my deep draft sailboat now, I look longingly at where I would have put *Minka*, way in there, perhaps up a shallow tidal river where she'd take the ground and I'd have to rig mosquito netting in the evening after steaming littlenecks on the beach in the shadows of her whisker stays. That cabin was snug as could be with a berth

on either side of the big centerboard trunk. We sat up to eat at the hinged table that let down from the sides of the trunk. Aft of the berths there was a kerosene cook stove to port that held an upside down flowerpot on cold mornings. There was an upholstered seat to starboard, headroom enough for a comfortable sit down. The cockpit was deep but not self bailing and there was plenty of room for fishing poles and crab traps under the seats.

*Minka* was a pleasure to look at from any angle, a tribute to William Atkin's way with a small boat. The sheer struck a most excellent compromise between beauty and the exigencies of accommodation and the handy little bowsprit made her feel like a real little ship. The 4" deadlights were as large as necessary for peering out and small enough to discourage peeping toms. The subdued light they provided made for a welcome change from the bright sun in the cockpit and their small size made the diminutive cruiser look larger than she really was while contributing to the strength of the cabin sides.

The more I cruised that boat, the more I came to appreciate the careful thought that went into her design and idealized use. I've

had many boats since *Minka*, all larger, certainly faster, perhaps safer, always more lavishly appointed and far more costly. But none had the "magic to stir men's minds" that the Red Onion had. None would have hooked me as surely and completely as *Minka* and her architects did.

In one of the my last letters from John Atkin, he wrote: "I have your photos of *Minka* on my office wall and appreciate your sending this along. Let me hear from you anytime. And thank you for your continued interest in our designs. I hope you can see your way clear to get Great Bear under construction and want to lend all possible assistance."

I never built Great Bear and that will remain one of life's few regrets. I have a plank on frame model of Twilight, a sister ship, hanging in my living room. It reminds me daily of that wonderful association with two great yacht designers without whom my life would have been incomplete.

(A catalog of over 200 Atkin designs is available for \$10 (\$15 Canada, \$18 overseas) from Pat Atkin, P.O. Box 3005, Noroton, CT 06820, <apatkin@aol.com> or check her website, [www.atkinboatplans.com](http://www.atkinboatplans.com))

## The Magic Monkey Stick

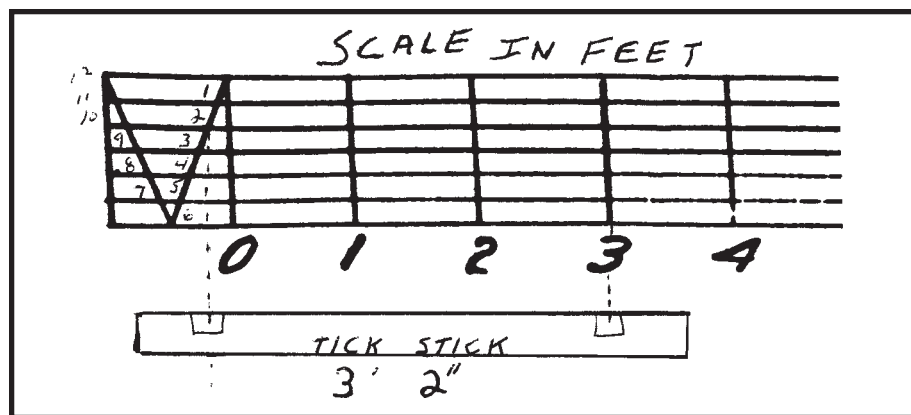
By Greg Grundtisch

Did you ever wonder what that little scale was for on boat building plans? The one with the "V" in it and no numbers? For most amateur builders, and even some highly trained pros, this item is a mystery. Yes, it is a scale, but the beauty of it takes a little explanation. So does the nautical term "Magic Monkey Stick."

While trying to draw the shape of *Dreamcatcher's* transom on construction paper, I was having difficulty finding all the heights and half breaths from the table of offsets or anywhere else on the plans. They just weren't there. Or so it seemed. I asked Mr. Tom Gruenauer, one of the finest boat builders and restorers in my area, for help getting out the correct shape. He was the one who asked me if I knew what that "thing" is on the plans. I said no, but handed him a book by Greg Rossel entitled *Building Small Boats*. I was using it to help with the table of offsets and noticed a photo and explanation of the scale thing. He read the couple of paragraphs and then asked for a stick with a straight edge. A small one. With a big smile and a look like he was revealing the secret of the pyramids, he went to the drawing of the transom and then to the scale and said, "This is great, look!" He then proceeded to show me how it worked.

Somehow, over the course of the evening I was calling it the magic stick, then the monkey stick, and then it somehow became the "Magic Monkey Stick." The term is now in the local boat building lexicon.

Here is how it works. Take a stick, straight edge, or strip of paper, go to the drawing and mark ANY part, piece, section, height, length, etc. Mark both ends on the stick and go to the scale. The "V" in the first box is divided into 12 segments for inches. Take the marked stick and place it on the scale so that the mark on the right aligns with the largest whole inch line (scale foot) and the mark on



the left falls in the "V" section. Slide the stick up or down until this mark hits on the "V" line. Count the number of segments and then add the whole number. That is your measurement. This is only to the inch.

I don't know if this is a big revelation to many, but I have looked at a half dozen boat building books and none have any explanation of this scale except Greg Rossel's. Now before you say that you can simply use a scale

ruler, wait. The advantage is that this can be used where the ruler cannot. If you happen to be looking at plans that have been reduced from the scale drawings, say in a fine magazine such as this one, or a book, or wherever you happen to find one, the scale on the paper is reduced equally along with the drawing. A scale ruler wouldn't work, the stick will.

It's magic!

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"He's a good boy, but I have to find something to keep him occupied." Mr. Johnson, co-owner of the small marine facility, nodded knowingly. "Yeah, I've got one of those at home myself."

It was the summer of 1928. My grandfather was looking for a way to assure a pleasant summer for his family on New Hampshire's Newfound Lake. "Hyperactive" had not yet entered the American vocabulary, but my father was a 16-year-old driven by curiosity and Energizer Bunny stamina. Phrases of the time, such as "stir crazy and cabin fever," suggested a very trying summer for the rest of the family if young Jack did not have a major project to focus his energy, particularly since his father would be down in Boston most of the summer.

"Yessir, Mr. Hillier, I think we can work a swap here. I saw your boy around last summer and I think he can be a help to us on the dock and in the shop in exchange for space to build a boat. Might he have some boat plans in mind, or do you think he would want to go to work on that little one over there? It's a kit for a neat little skimmer made by Heathkit, I think. I had planned to build it myself, but at this rate it looks like I won't get to it 'til October."

My father really took to the many tasks at the yard. Helping visitors land at the dock, assisting with boat repairs, and learning about those noisy kickers which had begun disturbing the quiet of a lake noted for its fishing (precursors of jet skis 60 years later!). Bringing his own brand of enthusiasm to the job, my father had such a good time he never realized he was little more than a gofer.

Several weeks later Grandpa Hillier learned that the little skimmer was actually a very speedy step hydroplane. However, Mr. Johnson assured him that it was safe, particularly in the hands of a young man with common sense. "Mr. Hillier, he don't strike me as a risk taking type of kid, but then, I haven't seen him back off from anything either."

Grandpa responded, "My wife and I have come to use the word 'adventurous.' It's not as unnerving as 'risk taker.' For example, he's really good about taking his little brother along on jaunts, but he's never let any harm come to the little fellow. Last summer he piled his brother and a friend into the car and headed for that little village of Hebron on the

## Damfino

### What's a Father Gonna Do?

By Jeff Hillier

other side of the lake. Took the road up past Sculptured Rocks and tore all the way through that washed out logging road clear on to Dorchester! We didn't find out about it until the Labor Day family reunion when little brother Ted finally spilled the beans. But you know, there wasn't a single scratch on that car."

There is little question that my father knew all about hydroplanes. *Popular Mechanics* was his favorite magazine, spawning visions of tearing across the lake with an outboard trying to fling him airborne, fastest thing on Newfound.

Details of the construction seem to have faded over the years, but early August found the little craft ready to leave the shop. A couple of friends helped carry it the 300 yards to the beach in front of the family's cottage. "Whatcha gonna do for a motor?" asked one of the friends. The other one couldn't resist, "Has your mother seen this thing yet?" And then, perhaps the most important question of all, "What are you gonna call it?"

My father's answer, "...damned if I know," soon led to a christening of *Damfino*. My father allowed that it also could describe her as a damned fine boat. In the grand tradition of teenage boys sweet talking their naturally cautious mothers, my father seems to have extracted at least a nervous "okay" from Grandma.

A small Cahill motor had been readied for the maiden voyage. Family, friends, and a couple of skeptics lined the beach. The boat forged ahead as my father gave the engine some gas, cutting a few circles around the bay and back to the beach. By all appearances, the vessel was a success. But my father knew this was just the start. Sitting far enough astern to steer, my father's weight kept the nose in the air and prevented even a semblance of planing. Upon stepping ashore, Captain Jack's verdict was, "She needs a steering wheel and a little more power won't hurt."

Grandpa had caught the bug, "Why don't you drive back to Boston with me Sunday evening. We can look for a bigger engine down there." They returned the next weekend with a 12hp Cahill, the style with two oil drips. When my father tells of the two oil drips he sounds like he's describing a supercharger in an Indy racer. Mr. Johnson found an old steering wheel, pulleys, and rope. "Now when you set it up, be careful how you cross the ropes."

A few days later the boat was ready for its first real test. My father floored it as he left the beach. The big motor quickly drove the boat up on the steps. Spray flew. The boat was approaching top speed when my father figured it was time for a power turn and a beachfront fly-by. He thought he was turning to port and leaned far over the gunnel to keep the boat flat. Grandma and Grandpa gasped as they watched the boat do a flip. The kids cheered at the spectacle. "Wow! Right here in Pasquaney Bay!" "Jack always gets to do the neat stuff."

Bottom up, propeller and engine housing sticking up like a stubby periscope. No sign of the brave young skipper. Mae West had not yet popularized the wearing of life preservers.

Grandpa Hillier jumped into a little dory and raced to the wreck. There he found his oldest son on the far side of the hull, calmly tightening bolts. "I just want to make sure the engine doesn't fall off and go to the bottom. I guess I didn't cross the ropes right."

The boat was banished to cottage porch for the rest of the season. It would not emerge until Memorial Day the next year. With the steering corrected, *Damfino* tore up the lake all day long. My father looked forward to an exciting summer. Some neighbors may have been less than pleased, but Grandma and Grandpa were apparently reconciled to the prospect of Jack racing around the lake every day. Certainly it was better than having him hanging around the cottage driving everyone crazy.

But it was not to be. The cottage burned a few days later. *Damfino* went up with it. Little brother Ted reportedly told my father, "Daddy probably pushed your boat into the fire."

My father did not tell me this story until I was well past my teens.



# Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival

By Pete Gray

Port Townsend, Washington, is on the Olympic Peninsula at the northwest corner of the United States. The waters of Puget Sound around the peninsula and many islands make for a beautiful and challenging sailing venue. On the weekend after Labor Day each year, the owners of a great variety of sailing, rowing, and paddling craft meet to enjoy the comradeship and competition of an outstanding wooden boat festival. The entire town enters into the spirit offering craft shows and sales. People come from miles away to see, listen, and learn.

I had made plans to be nearby and visit the show. Traffic on the main street during show weekend can be tough and the nearby parking is \$20 per day. Just outside of town is a park-and-ride lot where a shuttle bus will take one right to the show gate for 50 cents. Tickets for the three-day weekend were \$15 (\$12 for us senior boaters).

Over 100 boats were on display ranging from small punts, dinghies, and kayaks to large sloops and schooners. Many were open to step aboard and explore. Port Townsend waterfront is the home of Pygmy Boats. They had a variety of their kayaks on the water for spectators to try out.

There was also opportunity to row an Adirondack guide boat, paddle a canoe, and sail a variety of small craft. Water tours were offered by a taxi service using three locally built wherries. There were many seminars and demonstrations ranging from paddle making through maintenance, to charting and cruising safety. Forty-four speakers offered a variety of topics from name board carving and sextant use to construction and cruising. Among the most popular were Herb and Nancy Payson, authors of a *Sail* magazine column, Karen Thorndike, America's first women solo circumnavigator via the Capes, and Annie Kolls of San Diego. Her articles have appeared in this magazine.

About 40 vendors offered a variety of goods, services, and information from boat building woods and hardware through artwork, jewelry, and nautical gifts. Fifteen food concessions were available so one could eat or snack while walking around or sitting under an entertainment tent listening to a variety of music from rock to Bach with an emphasis on sea chanteys. However, Port Townsend is an interesting Victorian town with a great abundance of very fine restaurants. Since the festival area is at the end of the main street it was an easy walk to find a variety of really good meals.

The annual event is sponsored by the Wooden Boat Foundation, whose offices, gift shop, and book store are at the port. Over 15,000 spectators arrived to enjoy the fresh air, sunshine and beautiful craft. Among the fascinating events to watch was the family boatbuilding, five families working together built five boats in three days. Starting with the plans and pre-cut parts on Friday morning, they were finished and ready to launch Sunday afternoon. Serious conversations, decisions, laughter, and a sense of cooperative accomplishment were evident throughout the project. The boat was a Skunk Island Skiff

designed by Kees Prins of the Wooden Boat Foundation.

Another high participation event was the children's model boatbuilding. Using a variety of pre-cut hulls and scraps of wood, dowels and cloth, and unrestrained by traditional conventions, they created quadramarans and pentamarans and other unique craft never considered by naval architects. It was wonderful to watch children learning to use hand drills, brace and bit and hammers, having fun and creating something of their very own to bring home. About 500 children participated. Some of them brought their own designs drawn out in advance.

The waterfront was filled with beautiful and unique craft. The accompanying photos will tell much of the story. One of the highlights for me was going aboard the *Taliesin*, owned by Lin and Larry Pardey. Having read their books, I was aware of some of their cruising adventures. This 29-1/2' Lyle Hess designed sloop has sailed over 75,000 nautical miles. It has never had an engine. The tour was given by the sea scouts who seemed as amazed as I by the comfortable accommodations and the incredible amount of storage space. Opening the engine hatch to view a well equipped workshop seemed to surprise even the tour guide. More information at [www.landlpardey.com](http://www.landlpardey.com).

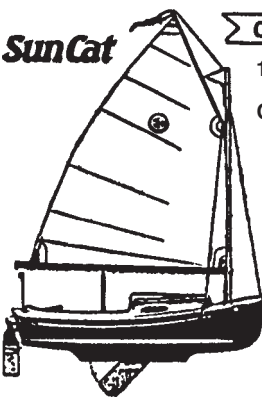
One of the featured boats was the 90' *Odyssey*. Originally built for Barklie and Barbara Henry (of the Vanderbilt family) she was designed by Sparkman and Stephens. Commandeered by the Navy during WWII, she was ill treated for many years until sold for \$1 to the Mount Ranier council of Boy Scouts of America. The scouts (male and female nowadays) welcomed visitors aboard and gave an historic tour. She was docked at the end of a new 290' educational pier built by the Northwest Maritime Center.

At the same pier was the steam powered *Virginia V*, a historic 122' ferry. Built in 1922, she carried over 8,000,000 passengers between Seattle and Tacoma before being rendered obsolete by ferries that could carry automobiles. After a \$6.5 million renovation project begun in 1995 she steams again. Information on the *Virginia V* can be found at [www.virginiav.org](http://www.virginiav.org). The ferry offered a Saturday afternoon tour to watch the sailboat races.

The schooner race was scheduled for Saturday and other classes for Friday. However, strong, unsafe wind conditions on Friday caused the organizers to cancel that day's racing. That made Saturday's racing more interesting with all classes racing. The ferry kept pace with a close battle for second place in the schooner division between 65' blue hulled *Barlovento* and 68' white hulled *Martha*.

John Montgomery was there with his unusual Autocanoe. Hardly noticed as he cruised across the bay, as soon as he came up the ramp on land he gathered a crowd.

**The Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival is a wonderful event filled with activities and interest for all who love boats. Next year's dates are September 9-11.**



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Jon Soini of Quilcene, Washington, demonstrates oar making with an axe.



Ben Luoden of Kalispell, Montana, uses a hoof knife for shaping oars.



The brigantine *Martha Ann* was on display.



A beautiful custom made wherry attracted a great deal of attention.



The Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding displayed an attractive student built sail boat.

*Swift and Sweet Pea* owned by Christian Dahl.



*Bella Darya*, designed and built by George Karzman, is the first full sized rigid inflatable cruising sailbot built.







An overview of the Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival. Over 100 boats were on display.



Five families built 15' Skunk Island Skiffs, designed by Kees Prins, in three days.



This beautiful wherry served as a water taxi.



500 children participated in designing and building their own craft, a highlight of the weekend.



A group of young people from the northwest Maritime Center had an opportunity to row this longboat.



Spectators had an opportunity to try out kayaks, canoes, rowing and small sailing boats.

Saturday's featured event was the sailboat races.



Barlovento and Martha battle in the schooner race.



We are lucky about our seaside neighbors over here on this island. They are admirable people. They have a one room shanty even littler than ours and there are a bunch of them and they get their money's worth out of it. They are the only people, except for the few actual permanent residents (a peculiar and hardbitten lot) that you ever see most every weekend after Labor Day. I don't know where they live, but late Friday afternoon here they come and they don't leave until late Sunday.

The sun comes up exactly over their house and when I watch over there I can see their silhouettes already milling around on the porch of the house and fishing in the surf. They never stop. They even fish at night with a light shining down from the porch. Their boat is an ordinary looking, semi elderly, fiberglass outboard boat about 17' long with something like a 70 horse motor. The only peculiarity is the name in big letters all down both sides. "Coastal Cracker" is what it says. It sits out there all weekend long. These people, like all people with some sense, realize that you can catch a lot more and better fish off the beach than you can out of a boat.

Think about it. Most fish like any kind of object or interface. Except for mackerel (and offshore fish like tuna fish) they don't wander around in the bleakness of the big water all that much. The best eating fish stay along the beach and marshes. These people catch redfish, speckled trout (weakfish, squeteague) whiting (Gulf kingfish in the book) flounders, pompano, sheepheads, and black drum so big that they have to swap off on the rod to keep from standing out there long enough to get sunburned. They abide by the law and turn oversized and undersized fish back and don't keep more than they need, but they need a lot. There is a boatload of those people and they must be good natured because none of these angry acting people that are

## Coastal Crackers

By Robb White)

becoming so common could live in such a close association as that little house.

Which, at that, I must digress. What the hell does someone want to stay mad all the time for? Is there some pleasure in disgruntlement? Can't they get loose from it? Anybody can live a pretty good life in this country. If you don't have every little thing you can still get by. These people are a real good example. I know they aren't rich. They put a rolled roofing top on their house all by themselves on the Fourth of July weekend. I think the reason they leave the boat on the anchor (Bahama moor... copied from one of their wise and experienced neighbors) is because they don't want to have to buy all the gas that two stroke, old model 70 guzzles. They just want to get to the island and that's what the boat is for... not frivolous joyrides.

I know a sure enough billionaire and he doesn't have near as good a time as those people. He is so pissed off at all the people he has to employ to tend to his business that he can't turn loose and play a little bit. I know another real rich man who does know how to play, so money isn't really the problem. He is a messer and messes around in one of my boats. Maybe what it takes is common sense. I don't know.

We have watched some of those coastal crackers grow up. There is this one boy who is a fishing fiend. When you think about it, starting off real young and being made a hero by feeding the multitude will make a person turn out like that. When he was so little he got knocked down by the waves he was always out there fishing. That was back before the gill nets caught all the whiting and this little kid pulled them in like clockwork and took them up to the house hanging off the

pole and the other people eagerly unhooked and rebaited and started scaling. They had a production line going over there. He was so regular that he would wear out the little dog. At first the dog followed him back and forth for every fish but after a while he would only make half trips and finally he would lie in the sand and just watch like somebody watching a tennis match. They always deboned some fish for him, so I guess that's what he was thinking.

That brings up another aside. How come people allow dogs to undignify them so? There are people who holler at their dogs so constantly that I can't see how they can be having a good time. One crew (not our neighbors) keeps trying to get their dog to come swimming with them. They lollygag around out there in the water clutching their coozies and holler at the dog for hours. It is easy to tell the dog is not about to jump into the surf and swim out there no matter how much they holler. That kind of thing is just not his style. What he likes to do is dig ghost crabs, or attempt to dig ghost crabs. There aren't too many dogs that can dig one of those up and very few who can decide what to do when they do dig one up.

One of the women of that bunch has lungs like a camel bladder. I would swim out there and drown the braying heifer but I know she has been steadily polluting the water for yards around her with that beer she has been drinking all day long.

Those coastal crackers will whoop it up from time to time, too. About frying time of a Saturday night, you can hear a little hint of hilarity from over there if the wind is right. Laughing is sort of infectious. Here me and Jane'll be sitting on the bayside listening solemnly to the "Prairie Home Companion" and we'll hear somebody just about to bust a gut over on the seaside. We just giggle and say "coastal crackers" in unison.

I know there are some of you gentle readers who want to know what somebody from way the hell and gone down here in Georgia is doing writing about the national bird of the far north? Well, I have to tell you something. Loons are not just denizens of northern lakes and little glacier potholes up in their "true home." They spend about half their time down here. Like "snowbirds" they come for the winter and mostly stay out in the bay, but sometimes you can see (or hear) them around fresh water rivers and lakes.

Loons usually show up around Thanksgiving and they all come at once. All of a sudden they'll be all over the place. They are very intelligent acting birds and soon learn who is who and will get pretty tame in the right situation. I guess they are territorial because you never see more than two in the same vicinity and they sort of hang around the same place. There was one old loon who stayed down by Jam Box Point (named that because somebody left a big black tape player sitting on the beach and it stayed there for years).

Usually loons stay in the water all the time but some of them will drag out on the beach. Loons can't walk because they are built like diving ducks with their legs too far

## Loons

By Rob White

... so they have to push with their feet and slide on their chests and will flap if they get in hurry. Anyway, when he wasn't out fishing this loon sat (lay) on the beach beside the jam box for three or four winters before he finally got too old to make the trip back south. I would think that some animal got him while he was up in the true home of the loon, but I don't think animals mess with loons all that much.

One time my granddaughter and I were tooling it down the bay and we saw a loon sitting on the beach. He (I can't tell the difference) was picking at something on his elbow and I thought he might have had some fishing line or something so we stopped and I ran around and headed him off before he could get to the water. Man, I tell you what, that loon speared me in the forearm so deep that I believe his beak was better than halfway through me. Scared the punk out of both of us and I hurried home and doctored it with

hydrogen peroxide and pine oil in case his beak was nasty but there was no infection at all. I left him alone and he stayed all winter and left with the rest of them. I don't know what ailed his elbow but he was welcome to tend to it himself.

They leave just like they come... in unison. I am sure they communicate all up and down the coast with a relay of their cries. There is no set time. I guess it is the weather that gives them the cue. Might be March or they might hang around until April. One day they'll all be gone. I wish they would take these damned cormorants with them.

There is one kind of pitiful thing about these loons. Some of them realize that they are too old to fly back and stay down here. After the others leave the lonesome old birds stop hollering like they have been doing all winter. Eventually they die and when their old bodies wash up on the beach they are as light as a feather... just skin and bones.

I always wonder what old Yankees who are familiar with the north woods think when they wake up in the middle of the night and hear a loon. They probably think they are dreaming that they are back in their true homes.



## About Coastal Cruising...



### Coming Down from the West.

That's 10.5kts in a measured 6" of water. At 12kts the forefoot runs just in the water when running light like that. At 15kts or more we have to load by the stern a little bit but it only takes Jane and five gallons of fuel to trim it right. I know some critic is going to speak out about how the horizon is not perfectly level in the picture. Well, he is wrong. That's the curvature of the earth you are looking at. It is perfectly level where my head is and is sloping down on the left side where you can't see just like it is on the right side where you can see. I bet the waist band of your skivvies is not straight either and the whole damned garment might be too tight. I know the critic is a man. Women don't say anything when they see something crooked. They just straighten it up to suit them.



### Heading Down to the East.

"Down to the East?" East is down because that's where the weather and wind usually heads. If you keep on in that direction for long enough you'll get "Down East" for real. I am going to send y'all a little weather pretty soon. That's the "Coastal Cracker" in the background. Notice that there are no other boats in the bay.

A couple of years ago I found myself in Athens, Greece, having coffee with a friend from graduate school. This little adventure began as a dare delivered via computer, "Meet me for coffee..." so here I was having a coffee in Metropolis Square, the Parthenon just over my right shoulder and maps of this tiny island, Agathonisi, laid out on our postage stamp sized table.

A couple of days later we landed, via air, on Samos, just off the Turkish coast and just south of Lesbos. Samos is one island in a chain that runs south to Rhodes and includes a number of arid and semi-inhabited specks of rock. Agathonisi, the first of the Dodecanese, the string of islands leading to Rhodes, is two specks of rock south of Samos and four specks of rock north of the island of Patmos. It was a long ferry ride away and we had to wait until the next day for the ferry.

Samos, the island home of Pythagoras, is about 14 by 28 miles, supporting many small towns and villages and a substantial forested interior. The trees seemed to be some sort of very pitchy pine, at any rate driving through the interior was fragrant, the aromatic pine tar smell made me think of two things, wooden boats and retsina (to the uninitiated, a wine flavored with resin). While we waited for the ferry we took a day trip through the island interior. On a particularly twisty mountain road, in the midst of what looked like the remains of a recent forest fire, we found a boat under construction.

Occasional wildfires burn through the tinder dry brush in the summer providing raw material in the form of large pitch pines that are killed by the fires, and here was an im-

## Boat Building on a Greek Island

By John Powell

promptu boat yard. Using the local equivalent of a chain saw mill, the rough logs were reduced to everything from scantlings to planks, keels, shaft logs, and deck beams. The vessels built are all motor fishing vessels, from 20' to 30' long, traditional in appearance, but without the cranked keel of a lateen rigged boat. The engine of choice seems to be an air cooled diesel manufactured in England. This unit is located slightly aft of the pilot house (even the smallest Greek work boats seem to have pilot houses). A tiller is fitted to an outside rudder post so no piloting is done from the pilot house on most boats, and the operator takes the tiller home with him when he is off the boat.

Later that afternoon, we made our way back to the port. I was driving everyone nuts by insisting we get back before the ferry's departure time. I hadn't taken into account the peculiarities of Russian built hydrofoils and Greek piloting. If the crests of the waves are over 6' and the troughs are shorter than 8' the hydrofoils suddenly become very slow, very wobbly steel canoes with a smoky oil engine laboring to keep everything moving.

We spent a pleasant afternoon watching the harbor traffic and the progressively more anxious backpackers who were huddled against the sea wall trying to escape the sharp

wind off the water while we all waited for the ferry to appear. Finally, four hours beyond the original departure time, the elegant, in its way, very '50s styled hydrofoil showed up. Imagine a 60' long '57 DeSoto powered by an enormous diesel electric power plant.

The drivers (and they were drivers, as in buses) sat in an aircraft style cockpit above the passenger seating area. Twin narrow passage ways led around the engine compartment to the tiny galley in the stern where a lounge and outside observation deck were accessible.

The boat was packed, standing room only, as this was August and Greece, along with the rest of Europe, was on vacation. In very little time all the tickets were collected, passengers and luggage loaded, and we were off, backing out from the dock and 180ing in the width of the channel. As the boat came out from behind the protection of the mole, it immediately began pitching and lurching. The driver headed her up into the wind and applied full power. She took off like a rocket and we were instantly standing on the foils, hull skimming neatly over the very choppy sea. I was not interested in remaining in the passenger cabin, the place reeked of diesel fuel, so I went out onto the promenade deck, the tiny aft observation platform. The view, and the noise, were spectacular and, by hoisting myself up a bit and outboard, it was possible to see the business end of the boat, the foils turning the waves to very angry foam.

Our crossing took about 45 minutes, a third of the time needed by the car ferry for the same run. I guessed our speed at 30kts, later I found out that under ideal conditions, a still flat sea, they could do 45kts, real screamers. These boats had originally been built for the Russian Ukrainian tourist trade in the '60s and had operated around Sebastopol. They looked the part. I have ridden more elegant hydrofoils in the Bay of Naples and Scandinavia, but nothing I have been on matched the raw power of these boats.

Soon Aganethesis rose out of the azure sea before us (with apologies to the blind poet) and we slowed and pulled into the very fit and tidy ferry jetty. The island has two harbors, one for yachts and ferries and one for the local fishermen, although, there were a number of fishing boats moored near the ferry slip. This island has been inhabited off and on since Neolithic times. Elaborate terraces remain from ancient times on the side



Slabbed and stickered planks.

Rough squared timber from burnt pine trees.



The workshop.

The boat shed.





of the central peak of the island where one can still find stone plow heads.

Three small villages are connected by a network of single lane concrete roads and stone paths, the hillsides spotted with concrete pads used at one time to direct the occasional rain water to covered cisterns. This method of water collection and storage seems now in disuse as a military water truck shows up ever other day on the regular ferry to top up the islands very modern water storage and distribution network. A small store, half a dozen outdoor cafes, and a couple of pensions made up the commercial aspects of the village.

Later we found the other two small inland villages and a working farm with beautiful fields of wheat nestled deep in an interior valley, protecting scarce water from the relentless dry wind from Turkey and Africa. The rest of the island was a blasted dry landscape with a small cinder cone on one side and every square unfenced meter inhabited by very shy goats. For the next two weeks, we watched the ferries, the backpacking northern Europeans, and the yachts come and go as we sat and nursed first coffee, then mythos (the popular local beer), and finally ouzo as the days progressed to our oh-too-soon departure.

The island is in transition, many families have relatives working off island, sending money back to build houses, to send kids to school, to support parents too old to move. Greece maintains a garrison, in the true sense of the word, a presence to face the Turkish coast, and as I am of Armenian heritage, it was a coast I watched with a great deal of thought. These islands have only returned to Greek sovereignty since the end of the second World War. They have been controlled by Persia, Rome, Byzantium, the Crusaders, Venice, Turkey, and Italy, but somehow remain Greek in culture and heritage.

Early one morning (fivish) I went with a traveling companion and a local fisherman to retrieve the gill nets the fisherman had set the evening before, four kilometers of net approximately three meters high, moored in a serpentine line along the more remote coast of the island. After five hours of pulling and gathering and motoring and stopping and unjamming and restarting and stalling and so on, the fisherman ended up with about a tub and a half of tiny fish, eels, octopus, and jellyfish, maybe 20 pounds of not particularly prosperous catch. We offered to buy his catch but he said it was already spoken for and gave us a pair of succulent pan fish for breakfast. The fisherman leased his boat for about \$200 a month and was responsible for minor main-



The Russian built hydrofoil.

tenance and fuel. Hard work and high costs for such a meager catch.

This end of the Mediterranean is truly empty and nearly dead. Dolphins have been reintroduced by European environmental groups and are apparently starving to death. The water appears clean and is a joy to swim in, but I saw hardly anything beyond sea urchins and snails, absolutely horrifying when I thought back to the beautiful frescos and mosaics filled with images of the bounty of the Mediterranean we had seen in the museums and galleries of Athens.

Launched.

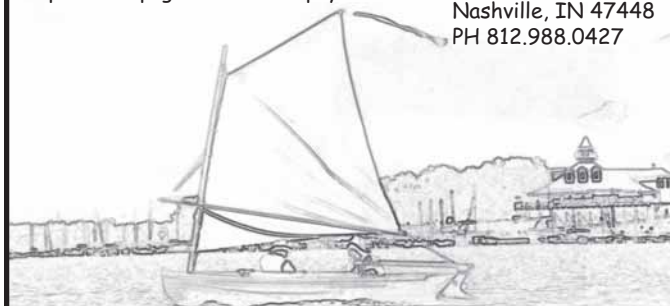


An altogether pleasant and rewarding trip. As we returned to Samos to catch the plane back to Athens we witnessed the end of the epic tale of the boat built on the mountain. A hydraulic trailer had delivered the newly painted and still smelling of pitch pine fishing boat ready for launching at the municipal boat ramp adjacent to the ferry slip. Disembarking from the crowded car ferry with what seemed like endless lines of sunburned island visitors, we watched the boat we had seen being built high in the mountains of this ancient island launched into the Mediterranean sea, showing that some aspects of life on these islands has changed little in 5000 years.

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Stuart K. Hopkins, sole prop

After two summers of sailing under a scorching sun, I decided that my small sailboat would be so much more comfortable if I had a Bimini top. So this past summer I installed a lightweight inexpensive 2 bow Bimini Top on my West Wight Potter 15, *Piglet*.

The lowest price I found for a 2 bow Bimini Top was one sold by Bass Pro Shops and made by Attwood Marine. The 2 bow Bimini Top had bows of 3/4" aluminum tubing and a white vinyl top. The unit came with black nylon fittings, mounting hardware, and four tie down straps. The cost was \$124.99 plus shipping. A similar 2 bow model made by Taylor Made is available from West Marine, but the price is somewhat higher.

When the large box containing the Bimini top arrived I carefully laid the parts out and checked them against the parts list in the Assembly Instructions. Since I had the instructions in hand I thought I might as well read them! The instructions are well written and very easy to follow in assembling the bows and fabric top.



Bimini parts.

The Bimini Top consists of seven major parts, the fabric top and six aluminum tubes that slide together make up the two bows. There is one slightly curved center tube and two longer tubes with curves on the upper end for each bow. The upper curved ends are slid over the ends of the center tube and secured with two sheet metal screws and you now have a bow! However, before attaching the screws one end of the center tube must be inserted in the loops in the fabric top as well as the two tie down straps. Then the screws are installed. Do this for the other bow and you are ready to proceed with the custom fitting of the Bimini top to your boat.

To insure that I mounted the Bimini top in a location where it would provide shade and rain protection for both the hatch and forward cockpit area, I mounted the Bimini top's nylon deck hinges on a 1"x4"x8' board.

Bimini top mounted on board on boat.



## Installing A Small Sailboat Bimini Top

By Bill Nolen

With the Bimini top attached to these deck hinges I was able to slide the Bimini top to different locations on the cockpit coaming with very little effort. I could have accomplished the same thing without the board, but with the board holding the bows in place it was much easier to step back and see how the Bimini Top looked from a distance.

With the help of my lovely wife we moved the Bimini top back and forth on the cockpit coaming until the best location was found. I then lowered the Bimini top to both the front and back positions to ensure that when folded it would not be in the way. I measured the distance between the center of the Bimini top's deck hinge and the center of the cockpit coaming. This measurement told me how many inches I should remove from the width of the bows for a proper fit.



Bimini width measurement.

The bows were disassembled and using a copper pipe cutter I removed 2" from each upright bow where they slide into the cross-bows. This gave me a total reduction in width of 4". A hacksaw would have worked just as well but I had the pipe cutter on hand. This type of universal type 2 bow Bimini top is actually designed to be used on small fishing boats and rowboats, so the height of the Bimini top might need be lowered or the sail boom could hit the it when sailing. To prevent this I removed 4" from the lower ends of each of the two bows that face forward.

After smoothing the insides of each cut bow with a round metal file, I inserted the eye ends that I had removed from the forward bows ends and secured them in place by drilling a 1/8" pilot hole and using #12 size metal screws, I then reassembled the bows, straps, and fabric top.

With the Bimini top assembled it was time to mount the nylon deck hinges on the cockpit coaming. I drilled 1/8" pilot holes in the location that I had marked previously. The deck hinges were then attached to the cockpit coaming with #10 size sheet metal screws about 5" back of the jib cam cleats. 3M 4200 Marine Sealer was used to seal the screw holes.

I used the Potter's side stay eye pads to attach the front tie down straps and the transom mounted traveler eye straps to attach the rear tie down straps. There are four black nylon eye straps and sheet metal screws in the Bimini top's mounting hardware that can be used to attach the tie down straps front and back.

Considering that the Attwood Bimini top wasn't designed for use on a sailboat, its installation was fairly simple and easy to do. Most of the time was spent in measuring and cutting the bows to fit. As installed, the Bimini Top does provide a great deal of welcome shade and comfort during hot summer days. I found that it also keeps two people fairly dry during a light rain.



Bimini drilling holes.

If you desire a Bimini top for your sailboat and don't wish to modify a universal model to fit as I did, I'd suggest contacting the manufacturer of your boat. For example, the manufacturer of the West Wight Potter Sailboats, International Marine, has a very strongly built Bimini top for the Potter 15. This Bimini top has one-piece stainless steel bows that are custom made to fit the Potter 15. Like any well made custom product the unit does cost more than a universal type Bimini top.

Tools and materials utilized: Attwood 2 bow Bimini top. Bass Pro PN: 21 581 744 00; pine board 1"x4"x8'; 3M Marine Sealer; electric drill with 1/8" drill bit; hacksaw or pipe cutter; Phillips tip screwdriver; blade tip screwdriver; round metal file.



Bimini top and sail raised.

Bimini top lowered.





# Building the Mummichog 16-V

By Jerry Mathieu

A recent request encouraging readers to share their projects has prompted me to submit this piece. I do so realizing that I am not as liquid with my boat stories as Robb White can be. Even while chomping on a mullet Robb can come up with a story about some gas powered can opener or maybe some obscure outboard that he found in the dump. After only 30 or 40 hours he'll have it running like a top. I hope the readers do find some interest in my outboard skiff.

First I would like to start by saying if you are thinking of building a boat to save a buck, think again! A job at Mickey D's will pay better. It is not about saving money, it is about building a unique boat of which you can be proud.

This project started on my drawing table in '03. It is my fourth design in as many years. The line of Chog skiffs is based loosely on the Westport (MA) power skiffs built in the middle of the last century. Most were flat bottom 16' and 18' skiffs whose pleasing sheer and gentle flare makes them prized today. A few V bottom versions were also built.

My designs are built using marine plywood. This was chosen simply because I like to work with it. Marine plywood is very stable and consistent in quality. When used in conjunction with epoxy, it provides some unique flexibility of design not found in board lumber.

This boat is based on my Chog 16 flat bottom skiff but with a V bottom. I limited the design length to two sheets of plywood per side, less the 3" scarf. Sixteen-foot sheets are also available for those who are less adventurous. Historically a boat's actual length was determined by the length of the boards used, not so much the nominal length desired. This boat finishes at 15'2" to 15'4" depending on the plywood that is used. Metric sheets such as okoume measure 98" instead of the standard 96". This sure would mess you up if you were building a house with metric plywood. Tape seam construction is used. This simplifies construction and leaves you with a clear unobstructed interior (no frames).

After the lines were drawn a 1/8"=1' model was built. This was done to prove the lines. The full size boat went together fairly easy. A 2" thick transom is used, made with two layers of 1" marine plywood cut from one 4'x8' sheet bonded with thickened epoxy. There is enough plywood left over from the sides and bottom to build the fore deck and sheer decks. A self bailing sole deck will be done in 1/2" marine meranti plywood, then covered with a layer of 6oz. glass cloth. The only brightwork will be the rub rail and bow bit. Wooden cleats will be fitted. A large forward casting platform will be bonded and taped into place. A center console is a natural for this skiff, but since I already have a nearly new 25 Merc 4-stroke with a tiller, a bench seat will be fitted amidships.

Building a V hulled skiff is quite a bit more work and the cost is probably 30% more, but the end result will offset all, a fast and fun skiff that will be gentle on my old knees.



Model built to prove the lines.



Finished interior awaiting self bailing sole.

Nicely curving lines forward.



Plywood deck details.

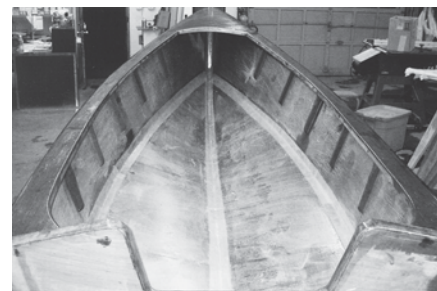


Stemhead mooring bit.


## Specifications

LOA	15'3"
Beam	6'2"
Transom	20"
Bottom	5/8" (3/8" + 1/4") 3/4" (3/8" + 3/8")
Weight	450-500lbs
HP	15-40
Capacity	900lbs

Approximately ten sheets of marine plywood go into the construction of the Mummichog 16-V.



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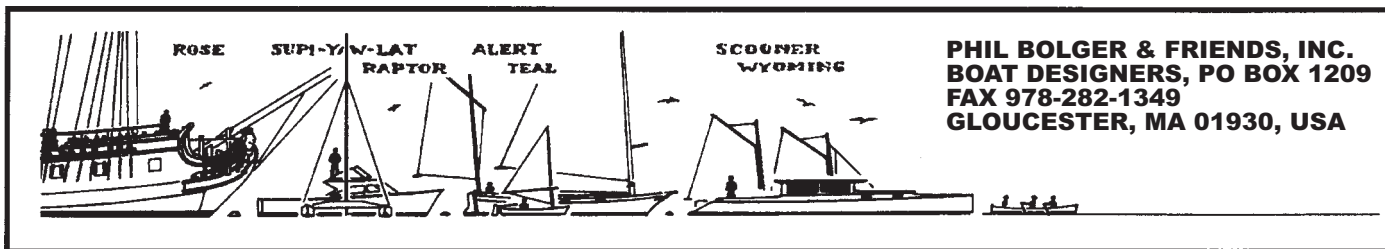


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Old sailing stories tell of the simplicity of cruising under sail alone, in boats too big and heavy to row. Francis Herreshoff's "A Sail In The Alerion" is a wonderful evocation of what it was like at its best. I'm just old enough to have experienced this kind of cruising, almost unthinkable now, in a boat with the kind of thoroughbred performance it takes to bring out the beauties of the sport.

The boat was *Alito* of fond memory. I was in her crew for several years and had full use of her for one summer. She was one of the Alden Triangle class, an exceptionally good example of the fashionable day racers of the 1920s. They were 28-1/2' on deck, 18-1/2' waterline, about 7-1/2' breadth, and just under 5' draft. They weighed 5000lbs. with 50% in their lead ballast keels and carried their 450sf of sail powerfully on 40' high masts.

About 35 of them were built to a first class specification. They lasted a long time, a few of them are still around at 70 or so years of age. They weren't as fast as the present day equivalent, being too short on the waterline for their weight, but their handling was as nice as anything ever built and fast. They weren't meant for cruising, though they did have two berth size transoms in the cuddy.

The Alden office had designed a version with the sides carried up into a raised deck forward of the cockpit which gave more room in the cuddy, added worthwhile buoyancy for hard weather, and saved some carpenter's

## Bolger on Design

### A Cruise Long Ago With Deep Draft And No Engine

time by eliminating the cabin trunk. This version also had the fin keel a foot-and-a-half shallower with a centerboard regaining the lateral plane. It would have been much better for this cruise a friend and I enjoyed in the late '40s, but the looks of it did not please the yacht club types and they all thought they had a right to deep water to race in so few, possibly none, of that version were built.

The big open cockpit made them unfit for offshore work by current standards. In my early days with her I tried to show off to a girl I was dating at the time by driving her through a squall with full sail and got a scary knockdown with green water roaring in over the coaming a foot deep (it seemed, it was probably much less). She slithered around into the wind and recovered, but it took me a long time to pump her dry and I don't think my date ever did recover confidence in my seamanship or in the boat.

We had decided to skip a weekend of racing and see how far we got. When we left

Gloucester Harbor in the afternoon the wind went flat and we got only three or four miles before dark. We ghosted in behind Kettle Island and spent a quiet night, except for the gulls on the island who all went quiet at exactly 10:00pm. Daylight brought a nice southwester. We beat along the Massachusetts North Shore with the inshore tacks taking us behind Baker's Island, Egg Rock, and so on. By afternoon we were off Cohasset on the South Shore. We had no detailed chart and no idea of what it was like. But it was said to be full of interesting boats and we figured that the channel buoys would be good enough to lead us. It was a little scary as some of the buoys were close to evil looking ledges, but it was indeed a pleasant anchorage with, then, room to anchor in good water.

We decided not to go any further southwest on account of the sand bars around all the harbors in that direction, so we turned back to explore Boston Harbor with its islands and passages. We were intrigued by the passage called Hypocrite Channel. The most we could make of the name was that it looked as if it must be shallow with gently sloping shores on each side but, in fact, it dropped off to 50' or so deep in the middle.

Leaving Boston, we ran before the wind eastward out around Cape Ann, giving the offshore ledges there a wide berth, and ghosted with a failing wind into Gosport Harbor in the Isles of Shoals off Portsmouth, New Hampshire, at dusk. This was a terrible an-



chorage with a boulder bottom, but dead calm continued through the night.

In the morning we sailed over to Portsmouth with a gently increasing breeze and up the Piscataqua River on a fair tide to the naval base. The channel there is 70' deep. We plotted various attacks on the place if we'd had the use of a submarine. In the base waters we realized that the tide was carrying us toward the big bridge with a lot less clearance than our 40' mast. Around 50 years later we went the same way, swung *Resolution's* counterweighted masts down flat, and motored under the bridge and up the river. In *Alito* we flattened sheets and concentrated on beating the stream. By working some back eddies along the shore we got to safety and beat on back toward the sea. By the naval prison the stream held us up for several tacks. At the end of each fruitless starboard tack we exchanged remarks with a marine guard on the wall, who apparently decided we did not look like part of an escape plot.

We had intended to be back in Gloucester that day, but it took us so long to get out of the Piscataqua that the sun was setting by the time we were off the Merrimac River entrance at Newburyport. Running lights not being part of the equipment of the racing boat, it did not seem like a good idea to spend the night outside Cape Ann where there would be fishing boat traffic. The Annisquam River cut off was, of course, out of the question.

The alternative was to run the Merrimac River Bar. With the tide running out against the easterly swell, we thought it might be breaking and put on life jackets in case we were heavily pooped. In fact, the breakers proved very mild and we got no water on deck. We felt our way into the pocket behind Plum Island, sounding with the spinnaker pole, and found a place where we calculated that if the keel touched at low tide it would dig into the sand enough for the boat to stay upright. The next day we had a fine windward sail around to Gloucester, not having been out of the boat for five days. Not a Blue Water Medal cruise, but we were pleased with ourselves and had some pleasant memories that are with us today.

That was about the end of the era of cruising in really simple boats with no engines and no electricity. We had good luck on the weather and, probably, some on the piloting. The boat was about as good as they came in the 1920s. Even at the time of this cruise in the late 1940s she was well up to the high performance range in weatherliness and thoroughbred handling qualities. But she could not come close to innumerable places that we would have enjoyed on account of her deep draft and tall mast. Several of the places we did go were risky with poor shelter and holding ground in the areas open to us at all. Low bridges kept us out of still others. If serious bad weather had come on without much warning we could have been in trouble from not being able to get into decent shelter.

The philosophy of this boat's design goes back to the beginning of the 20th century when yachting authorities began making complicated measurement rules to govern racing yachts. The conferences that produced these rules were led by a combination of mathematical theorists and yachting gentlemen. The former were trying to produce

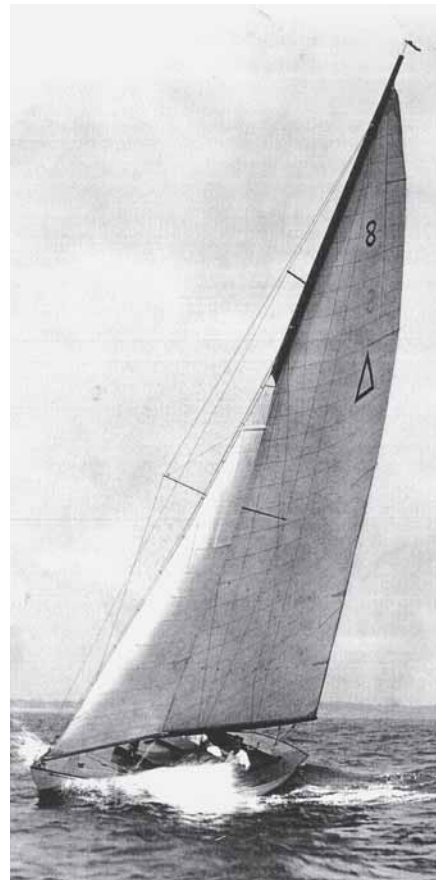
formulae that would predict the speed potential of a hull and rig. The latter wanted respectable looking and behaving craft in which they could compete in gentlemanly style against their social equals in chosen, fashionable places like Cowes and Newport. Neither group had any interest in, or knowledge of, boats that could use shallow creeks. Low bridges were something to prevent. None of these authorities were good at imagining possible consequences of the rules they made.

The technical people knew that the length of a sailing boat's waterline has an important effect on her speed, so they always made that a factor in their measurement of a boat's rating. The result was a fleet of racing boats that had their ends shaped to float a long boat on a short belly. When this trend got out of hand (there were some boats twice as long on deck as on the still waterline) they added various complications to the rule intended to require that new boats would be "wholesome," that is, respectable looking. But by the time they decided to stop freakishly overhanging ends, they were used to boats that had short waterlines for their size. The Triangle Class, a third longer on deck than on the water had "moderate overhangs." This was what a gentleman's conservative afternoon racing boat ought to look like. I was brought up to see them as handsome boats, and I still do.

But I do know that the process that shaped them was not rational and that by comparison with what could have been done with the same investment they're neither able nor fast. Rationally, the waterline would have been extended in long sharp points out to the deck length. That would add displacement without much increase in weight so they would be shallower amidships to eliminate the surplus bulk there. To keep headroom in the cabin they would then have to be higher sided.

Making the body of the boat shallower would reduce the need for ballast by eliminating the buoyancy deep under water that has a capsizing effect. It would allow the fin

part of the keel to be the same size on a shallower draft. All this reduces the drag of the hull so she can make speed with a smaller and lower sail plan, so the ballast can be reduced again, and so on. You end up with a boat that looks quite different but which is abler, roomier, and faster. It could heel further in a squall without getting its deck in, it would pitch less deeply and punish itself less



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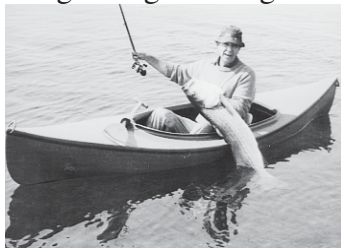
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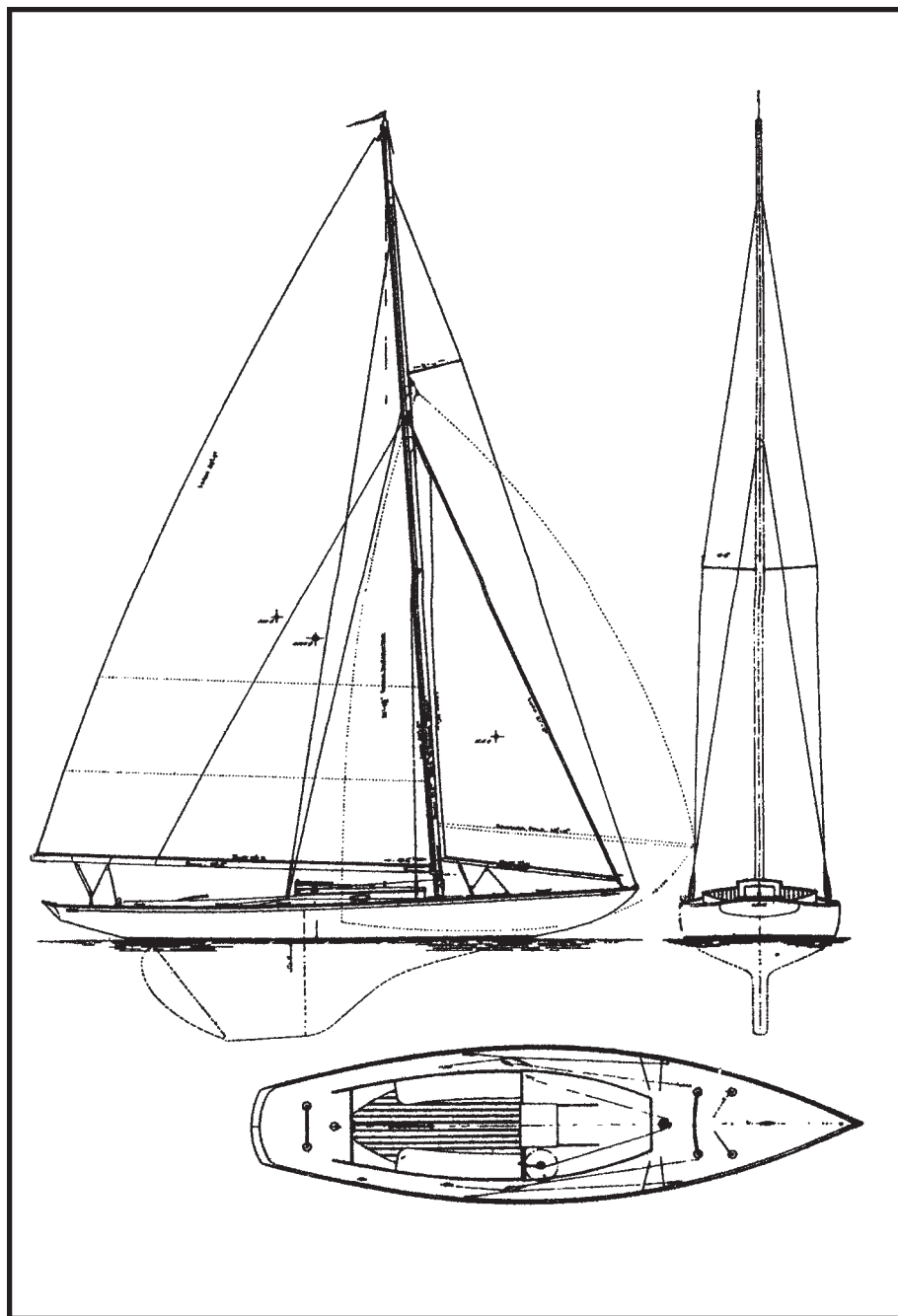
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Some of this eventually happened. Long waterlines and shallow bodied, higher sided hulls have become fashionable. So far, so good. They're still much too deep draft to go to the places we could not go in *Alito* (and where I went a decade later in a boat drawing

14", as good a sea boat, with much better accommodations, and as good a sailer except dead to windward). The need for deep keels is still widely assumed and understanding of seaworthy wading draft boats is still rare.

As for the rigs, the current ones are worse than *Alito's* in many respects, in a hundred years no "authority" has grasped the plain fact that efficiency in a sail is not measured by drive per square foot and that as rigs have been developed with that criterion they have become the hardest to handle and the most prone to trouble, for their area, of any in history. Among numerous other failings, it's an increasing scandal that their anchors won't hold them when it really blows. We've written a book about that...

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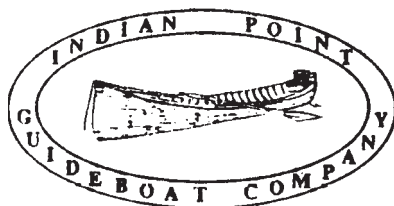
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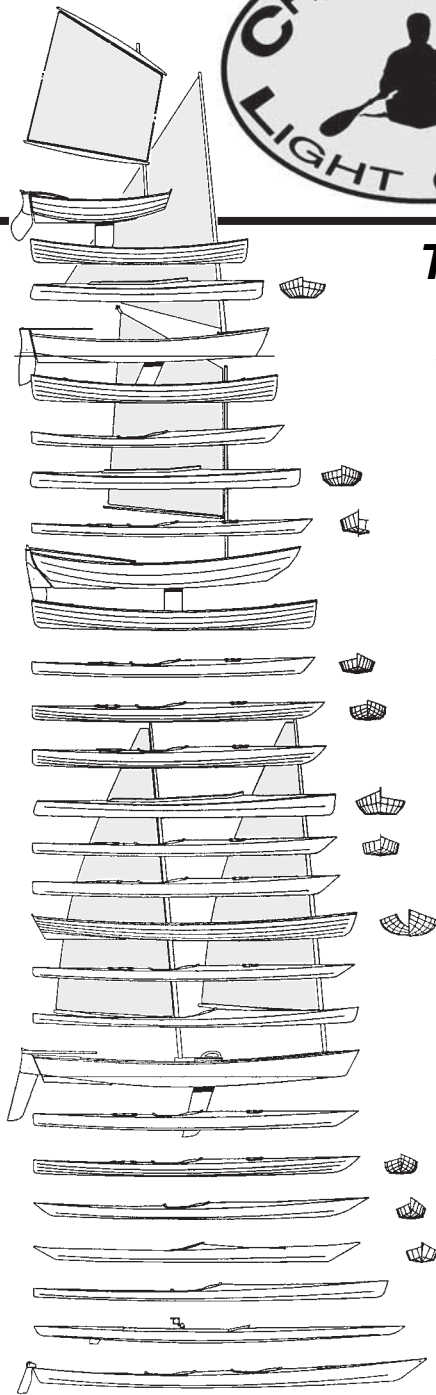
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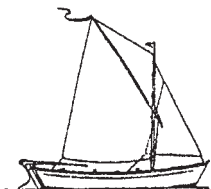
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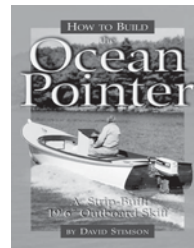
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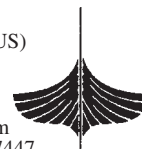


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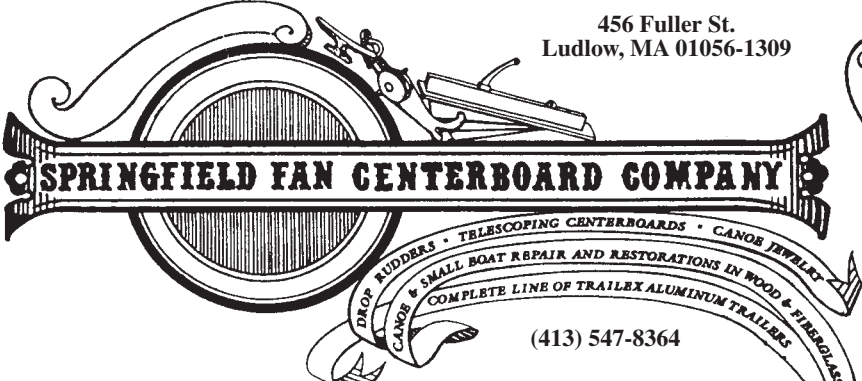
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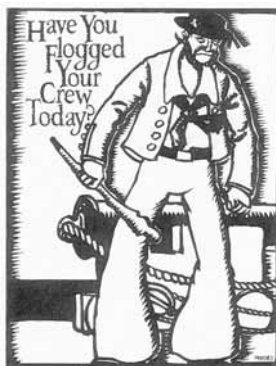


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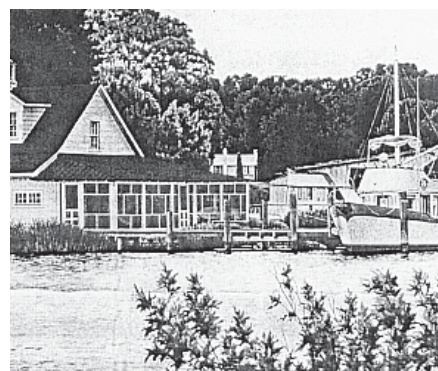
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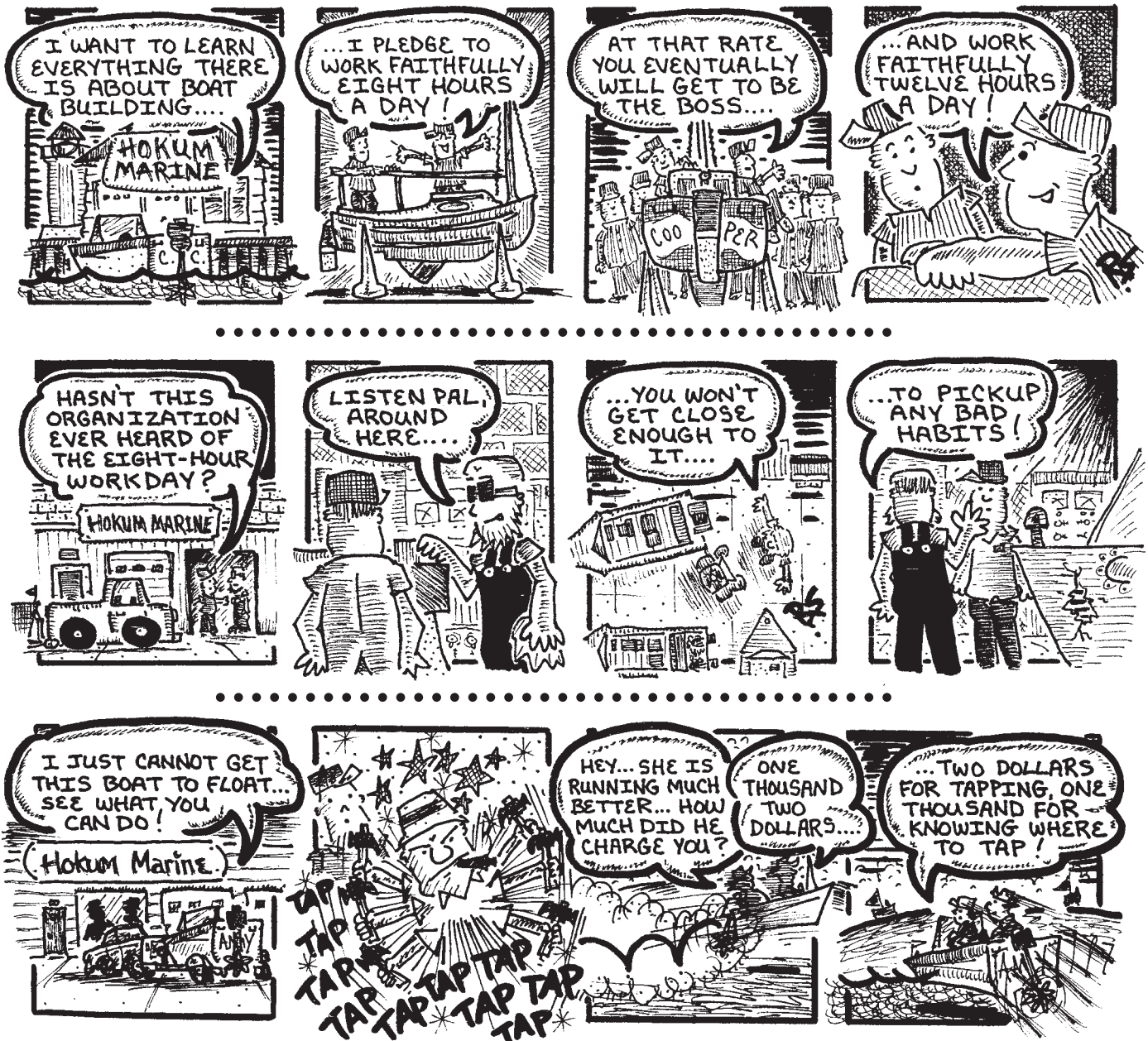




# Shiver Me Timbers

By: Robert L. Summers

## The Boat Business





## Opportunity Knocks

This could be a cautionary tale of youthful enthusiasm, but many of you are beyond that and those caught up in their own grand schemes probably wouldn't listen anyway. So let's cut to the chase.

Being permanently anchored in the west, I have sold the Virginia waterfront (money was also a factor) and unaccountably (in the view of us boat nuts ) the new owners are not happy to have a ferrocement boat floating in their front yard. As the infirmities of old age beset me on all sides, I have determined that the sale or donation of the boat is my preferred alternative.

She is a Peter Ibold design, winner of a contest many years ago. Construction is of ferrocement, employing lots of cold rolled rod and imported English budgie mesh. It was a good job and she is quite smooth without being heavy. The deck and cockpit are of glass covered plywood.

There is a two-cylinder Petter diesel rated 10hp at 600rpm. One could spend a great deal of quality time just listening to it run! There are two 1-3/8" stainless (Monel?) PT boat shafts aboard, one for the engine and the other for a rudder shaft. The deckhouse is a bit higher than designed because of the height of the engine. The sole under the deckhouse is in and there are a couple of bulkheads forward. Otherwise she is unfinished. There is a high dollar alcohol stove with oven. Simply by cutting windows in the deckhouse one could move aboard and be quite comfortable.

She is lying in Bells Creek off the Corrotomen River in Lancaster County, Virginia. She's been floating without being pumped for ten years, ever since Burn and I pushed her in there with an aluminum skiff and a 9.9 ob. Below the waterline she was painted with epoxy and anti-fouling but she is currently hosting a pretty fine garden on the bottom.

Besides items listed above, she comes with three large Danforth type anchors and warps. Heck, we may even throw in the skiff and a pair of oars. There are facilities for hauling within ten miles. She would make a wonderful liveaboard or clubhouse for some sea scouts. I would be happy to sell her cheaply or donate her to some non-profit organization. She's a heck of a deal. Just the ticket for someone with youthful enthusiasm. I'd be happy to discuss any ideas.

**Jim Thayer, Grand Mesa Boatworks LLC**

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